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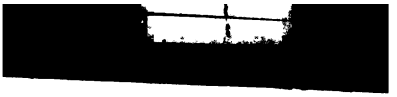

Ministers' Hand-Book:

FOR

ISTENINGS, WEDDINGS, AND FUNERALS.

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

Minot
M. J. SAVAGE.

FOURTH EDITION.

Boston:
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 272 CONGRESS STREET.
1900.

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PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

I BEGAN the preparation of this manual simply as a Burial Service, and for my own convenience. I had found no one that just suited me. It was a trouble to select and arrange specially for each separate occasion. I wanted more variety. I did not like to carry two or three books with me, each of them being, perhaps, too large for the pocket. The habit of reading some appropriate verses, as a part of the service, increased this inconvenience. The desire to use the fitting thoughts of extra-Biblical writers increased it still more.

Learning my plan, other ministers have expressed a desire for copies. This explains why it is published.

When publication was determined on, it was thought best to include the services for Christening and Marriage. A service-book for the pocket will be found convenient where children are to be baptized or wedding ceremonies are to be performed at the house.

By selection and combination, it is hoped that both variety and adaptation to all ordinary occasions may be attained.

BOSTON, March, 1880.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THAT this little Hand-book came into a place that was waiting for it (or a better one) is proved by the fact that the first edition is exhausted, and that unfilled orders are waiting for its reissue.

The editor and compiler has taken advantage of the present occasion to revise and, as he believes, considerably improve it. He has availed himself, as far as was practicable, of the suggestions of his brother ministers; and he takes this opportunity to thank them for their kindness.

Let him who is inclined to think it incomplete look carefully over the field, and he will be surprised to find how little material there is that is just what is wanted. There is a large amount, both of prose and verse, that is *almost*, but *not quite*, suitable. There is an abundance that is good for quiet reading at home, but that is not adapted to be made a part of a public service.

Blank leaves are furnished for those who wish to fill in with any favorite readings of their own that may have been omitted.

BOSTON, April, 1882.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

It only needs that attention be called to the fact that the compiler has tried to make this third edition of the Hand-book still more worthy of the demand that has exhausted the other two. It has been carefully revised, and yet more enlarged. Its size, however, has still been limited by the original intention of fitting it to be easily carried in the pocket.

Though prepared specially for the use of ministers, it has been found that many others have wished to possess this collection of prose and verse for its own sake.

Shelburne, N.H., July, 1889.

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Baptism of Children.

AND Jesus took a child and set him in the lst; and when he had taken him in his arms, said unto them, Whosoever shall receive one such children, in my name, receiveth me; and osoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but m that sent me.

And they brought young children to him, that should touch them; and his disciples rebuked se that brought them; but when Jesus saw it, was much displeased, and said unto them, Suf- the little children to come unto me, and forbid m not, for of such is the kingdom of God. rily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not re- ve the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall enter therein.

Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as a le child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of ven.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little s; for I say unto you, that in heaven their gels do always behold the face of my Father ich is in heaven.

In sympathy, as we believe, with the spirit of us, we are about to dedicate this child to God, *baptism.* This water is the emblem of the

purity which God desires in the souls of his chi dren,— that purity which was in Jesus, his wel beloved Son, through whom we are called t pureness and holiness of living.

Will ye do your best to instruct this child in a the truth of God? And will ye faithfully endeavo to rear *him* in the nurture and admonition of th Lord?

Answer.— We will.

Name this child.

And, repeating the name, the Minister shall baptize th child, saying:

In the faith, fellowship, and hope of the gospel I dedicate thee to God, our Father in heaven.

Let us pray:

Almighty and everlasting God, who hast prom ised unto us that thou wilt not only be our God but the God and father of our children, admit thi child, we beseech thee, into the bosom of th Church, into the service of all truth, into th arms of thy mercy, and into the communion o saints. Grant to *him* a healthful body, a goo understanding, sweet dispositions, and rich mea ures of thy Holy Spirit, that being steadfast i faith, joyful in hope, and rooted in charity, *he* ma safely pass through the temptations of this worl and have part with thy faithful children in the lif *to come.*

Endue these thy servants, O God, with wisdo

ɔm above. Help them in thine own best way to nsecrate to thy service this cherished gift of thy odness. By thy Holy Spirit aid them, and all ɔo are here present, so to live before thee in ve and obedience, as finally to see thy face in y and peace eternal. Amen.

hymn may here be sung.

The peace of God, which passeth all understand-g, keep our minds and hearts in the knowledge ɔd love of God, and of his Son Jesus Christ; ɔd the blessing of God, the Father Almighty, be mongst us, and remain with us always. Amen.

"I consecrate thee to the worship the Father, the discipleship the Son, and the reception of the Holy Spirit." S. H. Wesley's Christening formula.

Flower Sunday and Consecration of Chil

[For this service choose some Sunday in May or after flowers are plenty. Let the Sunday-school chi take a prominent part. As far as possible have al children born into the households of the church d the year presented by their parents or guardians. them be grouped about the Minister, or in front o pulpit, while the Sunday-school children or the choi an appropriate hymn.]

The Minister shall read or say:

And Jesus took a child, and set him in midst of them. And when he had taken hi his arms, he said: Whosoever shall receive such little child in my name receiveth me. whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, Him that sent me.

Take heed that ye despise not one of t little ones; for I say unto you that in he their angels do always behold the face of Father, who is in heaven.

Dear Friends:

It was said in old times that "children ar *heritage and gift that cometh from the Lo and in most cases the birth of a child is ri considered as an occasion of joy and thanks he little ones have come into the midst c*

duties and dangers at our invitation, not their own: they should therefore be received into arms of loving welcome and tender care.

It is a most serious responsibility to bring them here, to add thus to the world's sum of good or evil; and we should not dare to do it, unless we are earnestly ready to do all we can to make their lives a blessing both to themselves and to others.

With these most serious thoughts in mind, and in accordance with the spirit and the truths of the religion which we profess, we are about to consecrate these children of ours to the love and service of our heavenly Father. In their tiny hands, they hold the future; and that future will be good or evil as they shall make it. We consecrate them then to purity and truth, believing that thus only can they attain to the highest happiness and well-being for themselves, and be of the noblest service to others.

This water with which we touch their foreheads is the fitting symbol of a pure heart and a clean life. These flowers which we bestow upon them are appropriate tokens and emblems of the unfolding graces of a noble life and the fragrance of good deeds.

You, then, as the parents and guardians of these children, do solemnly promise and engage that, to the best of your ability, you will instruct and train them in the principles of all right living; that *you will* help them to be fearless, impartial, and reverent seekers after truth; and

you will endeavor to set them such an example as they may safely follow.

Answer.— We do.

Then, naming each child in turn, while touching its forehead with water, and holding in his hand a bunch of flowers to be given the child after the formula is repeated, the Minister shall say:

—— ——, in the use of this water, an emblem of purity, and the gift of these flowers, a symbol of the unfolding of a beautiful life, I consecrate thee to God and his truth forever. Amen.

Let us pray.

The prayer may be extempore or read, at the option of the Minister.

[To each child, after the formula of consecration, the Minister gives a bunch of flowers, which it is recommended shall be preserved as a memento of the service. As the children are taken away, the Sunday-school children or the choir will sing a concluding song.]

Consecration or Confirmation of those of Riper Years.

Dear Friends:

Let us hear the words of the wise, that have ome down to us from ancient times, and that ave been proved true by the experience of the orld.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wis- om. Only those who are foolish despise instruc- on. Forget not the law of righteousness. For ng life and peace shall add to thee.

The ways of wisdom are ways of pleasantness, nd all her paths are peace. Length of days is in r right hand, and in her left hand riches and nor.

Wisdom is the principal thing: therefore get sdom; and, with all thy getting, get under- anding.

Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ys be established.

The memory of the just is blessed; but the mory of the wicked shall rot.

The value of a virtuous woman is far above ies.

She will do good, and not evil, all the days of life.

Strength and honor are her clothing, and s rejoice in time to come.

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and her tongue is the law of kindness.

Her children rise up, and call her blessed.

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but s that feareth the Lord shall be praised.

Do not lay up treasures on the earth on But seek ye first the kingdom of God and h righteousness.

Watch ye, stand fast in your faith, quit ye li men, be strong.

When Moses was come of years, he refused t pleasures and riches of Egypt, choosing rather suffer affliction with the people of God.

Pure religion and undefiled before God is thi to visit the fatherless and widows in their affli tion, and to keep unspotted from the world.

Behold what manner of love the Father ha bestowed upon us, that we should be called ch dren of God.

Now are we children of God; and it doth n yet appear what we shall be; but when we s him as he is, we shall be like him.

Every one that hath his hope purifieth himse even as he is pure.

Some of you were consecrated to God and h truth when as yet you were too young to und stand the obligations then entered into on yo behalf. Some of you, perhaps, are now here f the first time to make this public dedication *yourselves to a* noble life.

It is, of course, true that one may lead a ri

eous and helpful life without making any formal pledges so to do. But in a world like this, where so much needs to be done to establish the kingdom of God (which is the perfect condition of man), it is fitting that those who are willing to consecrate themselves to the work of fighting against all evil and helping forward all good should know each other and pledge themselves to mutual aid.

By presenting yourselves here to-day, you do not commit yourselves to any fixed intellectual creed, but only to a moral purpose. Indeed, it is a part of your pledge that you will discard whatever belief you discover to be false, and freely accept whatever you become convinced is true. Only you are to be careful that neither haste, prejudice, nor passion shall control you either to accept or reject.

To find the truth and practically apply it in helping your fellow-men to be happier and better, — this is to be your life-work.

Do you now, therefore, pledge yourselves, in all earnestness and sincerity, to do your utmost to renounce all evil and error, and to do all you can to make the world better?

Answer.— We do.

Then the Minister shall say:

This water is an emblem of purity of heart and life. And this bunch of flowers is a symbol of a *life unfolding* in beauty and holding in its hea

the seeds of results that shall grow and bear f hereafter.

Here the Minister shall baptize those who desire it, say

I consecrate thee, —— ——, to God and truth, and to the service of your fellow-men ever. Amen.

Then he may give each a bunch of flowers. When th done, he shall say, addressing them all:

We now receive you into the fellowship of those who are heartily devoted to God, to tr and to the help of man.

Let us pray.

After the prayer, the service may be fittingly closed by s ing a hymn.

[If desirable, the flowers, and that part of the ser connected with them, can be omitted.]

Which is instituted of God and made honorable to the keeping of good men & women in all times. The

Marriage Service, No. 1.

EPISCOPAL SERVICE.

(With slight changes.)

DEARLY BELOVED, we are gathered together here, in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is commended of Saint Paul ~~to be honorable among all men:~~ and therefore is not ~~by any~~ to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of God. Into this holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace.

And also speaking unto the persons who are to be married, the Minister shall say:

I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the day when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment, why ye may not be lawfully joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it. For be ye well assured, that if any persons are joined together otherwise than as God's law doth allow their marriage is not lawful.

The minister, if he shall have reason to doubt of the lawfulness of the proposed marriage, may demand sufficient surety for his indemnification; but, if no impediment shall be alleged or suspected, the Minister shall say to the man:

M., wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?

The man shall answer:

I will.

Then shall the Minister say unto the woman:

N., wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou cherish and care for him, love, honor, and keep him in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?

The woman shall answer:

I will.

Then shall the Minister say:

Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?

Then shall they give their troth to each other in this manner. The Minister, receiving the woman at her father's or friend's hands, shall cause the man with his right hand

to take the woman by her right hand, and to say afte him as followeth:

I, M., take thee, N., to my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight thee my troth.

Then shall they loose their hands; and the woman, with her right hand taking the man by his right hand, shall likewise say after the Minister:

I, N., take thee, M., to my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth.

Then shall they again loose their hands; and the man shall give unto the woman a ring. And the Minister taking the ring shall deliver it unto the man, to put it upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand. And the man holding the ring there, and taught by the Minister, shall say:

With this ring I thee wed, and ~~with all my worldly goods I thee endow:~~ ~~In the name of our Father in Heaven.~~ ~~Amen.~~

Then the man, leaving the ring upon the fourth finger of the woman's left hand, the Minister shall say:

Let us pray:

Giver of all good and fountain of all joy, th guide, support, and felicity of all who put t

ıst in thee: we beseech thee to bless these thy rvants. Enable them faithfully to perform the venant they have now made in thy presence. ay their hearts be united in the closest bonds of ve. May they be counsel and strength, and ht and comfort, one to the other; sharers of ch other's joys, consolers of each other's sorws, and helpers to each other in all the changes d chances of the world. Hand in hand, and art with heart, trusting in each other and in ee, may they tread together the path of life. Be ou, O Father, their guard and guide. And lead em through this transitory world to the life eterl. Amen.

ien shall the Minister speak unto the Company,

Forasmuch as M. and N. have consented tother in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the me before God and this company, and thereto ve given and pledged their troth, each to the ıer, and have declared the same by giving and ceiving a ring, and by joining hands; I prounce that they are man and wife. Amen.

husband

ıd the Minister shall add this Blessing:

The Lord mercifully with his favor look upon u, and fill you with all spiritual benediction and ace; that ye may so live together in this life, at in the world to come ye may have life everting. Amen.

Marriage Service, No. 2.

NOTE.— The following service may suit the wants of those who do not like the form of *giving away* the bride,— a relic of the barbaric time when woman was *owned* and could be given away; as also, those who — as bride or groom — do not like to take so large a part in the words of the service. It can be used without a ring, by omitting that part of the form. In that case, of course, the closing words would be changed, and might read: "I then, by virtue of authority," etc.

Of course the prayers, in either service, can be extempore, if the Minister prefers.

If desired, the opening questions to both the man and the woman can be asked as one question; thus omitting the first answers (I do), and only answering once (I will).

The parties standing arm in arm, the Minister shall say.

DEAR FRIENDS, we have gathered here this {morning / afternoon / evening} to unite this man and this woman in holy marriage. This is an institution ordained by God in the very laws of our being, for the happiness and welfare of mankind. To be true, this outward ceremony must be but a symbol of that which is inner and real,— a sacred union of hearts that the Church may bless and the State make legal, but that neither can create or annul. To be happy, there must be a consecration of each to other, and of both to the noblest ends of life.

Believing that in such a spirit as this and with such a purpose you have now come, you may your right hands.

To the Man.

You, ——, take this woman, ——, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, to have and to old, from this day forth, as your lawful wedded ife?

Ans.— I do.

You will love, honor, cherish, and protect her in ckness and in health, in prosperity and in adver- ty, and, leaving all other, you will cleave only ito her, so long as you both shall live?

Ans.— I will.

To the Woman.

You, ——, take this man, ——, for better, for orse, for richer, for poorer, to have and to hold, om this day forth, as your lawful wedded hus- nd?

Ans.— I do.

You will love, honor, cherish, and care for him, sickness and in health, in prosperity and in ad- rsity, and, leaving all other, you will cleave only ito him, so long as you both shall live?

Ans.— I will.

To the Man.

What pledge do you offer that you will fulfil ese vows?

Ans.— This ring.

hands it to the Minister.

To the Woman.

Do you, on your part, accept this in token of *same?*

ns.— I do.

To the Man.

g back the ring.

ı will then place it on the fourth finger of t hand.

his is done, and they have again joined their right s,

To them both.

asmuch, then, as you have now pledged your l vows, and have given and received a ring en of the same, I — by virtue of authority in me by the State, and in the name of our · in heaven — pronounce you husband and

us pray:

Heavenly Father, who hast set the human ı families, binding us together by these sa- nd tender ties, these, thy children, have now, clasped hands and mutual pledges, taken themselves these life-long obligations. We hat it is indeed true that these outward acts ymbolize a union of hearts already made by the holy love with which thou hast them together. From out the innumerable ides of earth these two have come, looked h other's faces, and are made one. Their ging ways have united, and henceforth are he same.

: be possible, may their paths be ever easy easant beneath their feet. May the skies r *sunny* over their heads. But, if sorrow *ome*,— as it comes to all,— let the press

ure of trial only bind them closer together.
the experiences through which they pass o
make them more and more completely one. W
clasped hands and united hearts, may they acc
life's joys and bear its burdens. And, if their
goes down and night darkens their sky, may it
least be bright with the stars of hope.

And when the day of life is over, and the ev
ing shadows fall, like tired but happy childı
may they come home to thee, and find the doo
the Father's house wide open to their return
feet.

BENEDICTION.

And now the Lord bless thee and keep th
the Lord make his face to shine upon thee,
be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up the li
of his countenance upon thee, and give thee pe
Amen.

Marriage Service, No. 3.

For those who desire a brief service.

Standing, as you now do, in the presence of God and these witnesses, you covenant each to take the other as your companion and bosom friend for life. And you solemnly promise that you will continue to love, honor, and cherish each other; that you will perform, in conscientious fidelity, in sickness and in health, in prosperity and in adversity, all the duties resulting from the marriage relation, so long as you both shall live?

Ans. each.— I do.

The ring, as in preceding service, if desired.

Closing words (as in preceding).

PRAYER AND BENEDICTION.

Order of Burial Service.

1. Singing.
2. Readings of Scripture Selections.
3. Reading Poetic Selections.
4. Singing.
5. Address.
6. Prayer.
7. Singing.
8. Benediction.

If there is singing only twice, let it be at and 7, omitting No. 4. Frequently, no will be provided. In that case, the abov may be observed, only with the singing c

Sometimes, it may be best to extend th ings and omit the address.

Burial of the Dead.

Death.

MAN, that is born of a woman, is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth as a shadow, and continueth not. Behold, thou hast made my days as a hand-breadth, and mine age is as nothing before thee.

My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle. They are passed away as the swift ships. There is but a step between me and death. All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as a flower of grass. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof falleth away.

(Men) dwell in houses of clay, whose foundation is in the dust. We are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers. Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

Ye know not what shall be on the morrow. For what is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. See, then, that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, redeeming the time.

Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and

orld, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou
t God. Thou turnest man to destruction; and
yest,

Return, ye children of men. For a thousand
ars in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is
ıst, and as a watch in the night. Thou carriest
em away as with a flood; they are as a sleep:
the morning they are like grass which groweth
). In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth
); in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

We spend our years as a tale that is told. The
ıys of our years are threescore years and ten;
ıd if by reason of strength they be fourscore
ears, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for
is soon cut off, and we fly away.

So teach us to number our days, that we may
)ply our hearts unto wisdom. O satisfy us
ırly with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and
e glad all our days. Make us glad according
the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and
ıe years wherein we have seen evil.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and
ıy glory unto their children. And let the
eauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and
tablish thou the work of our hands upon us;
ea, the work of our hands establish thou it.

There is nothing that nature has made necessary
ıich is more easy than death. What a shame is
then, to stand in fear of anything so long that
over so soon! It is not death itself that is
adful, but the fear of it that goes before it.

Why was such a one taken away in the prime of s years? Life is to be measured by action, not r time. A man may die old at thirty, and young fourscore. Nay, the one lives after death; and e other perished before he died. The fear of ath is a continual slavery, as the contempt of is certain liberty.

Seneca.

Death of a Child.

And Jacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth pon his loins, and mourned for his son many ays. And all his sons and all his daughters rose p to comfort him; but he refused to be com- rted; and he said, For I will go down into the rave unto my son mourning. Thus his father ept for him.

And when the child was grown, it fell on a day at he went out to his father to the reapers. nd he said unto his father, My head, my head. nd he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. nd when he had taken him, and brought him to s mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and en died.

And she went up, and laid him on the bed of e man of God, and shut the door upon him, and ent out. And she called unto her husband, and id, Send me, I pray thee, one of the young men, d one of the asses, that I may run to the man God, and come again. And he said, Where- re wilt thou go to him to-day? it is neither new *on, nor sabbath.*

And she said, It shall be well. Then she s
dled an ass, and said to her servant, Drive, and
forward; slack not thy riding for me, except I
thee. So she went and came unto the man
God to Mount Carmel. And it came to pa
when the man of God saw her afar off, that
said to Gehazi his servant, Behold, yonder is t
Shunamite: run now, I pray thee, to meet h
and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it w
with thy husband? Is it well with the chi
And she answered, It is well.

David therefore besought God for the chi
and David fasted, and went in, and lay all ni
upon the earth. And the elders of his ho
arose, and went to him, to raise him up from
earth; but he would not, neither did he eat br
with them.

And it came to pass on the seventh day t
the child died. And the servants of David fea
to tell him that the child was dead: for they s
Behold, while the child was yet alive, we spa
unto him, and he would not hearken unto
voice: how will he then vex himself, if we
him that the child is dead?

But when David saw that his servants w
pered, David perceived that the child was de
therefore David said unto his servants, Is
child dead? And they said, He is dead. Th
David arose from the earth, and washed, a
anointed himself, and changed his apparel, a
came into the house of the Lord, and worshi

n he came to his own house; and when he uired, they set bread before him, and he did

hen said his servants unto him, What thing his that thou hast done? thou didst fast and p for the child, while it was alive; but when child was dead, thou didst rise and eat bread. d he said, While the child was yet alive, I ed and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether l will be gracious to me, that the child may ? But now he is dead, wherefore should I ? can I bring him back again? I shall go to , but he shall not return to me.

---

nd they brought young children to him, that hould touch them: and his disciples rebuked e that brought them. But when Jesus saw e was much displeased, and said unto them, er the little children to come unto me, and for- them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. erily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not ive the kingdom of God as a little child, he l not enter therein. And he took them up in arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed n.

. Hindu mother gave birth to a son. When boy was able to walk by himself, he died. The ng mother carried the dead child clasped to bosom, and went from house to house, asking ny one could give her medicine for it. Some

regarded her as mad; but a wise man said: cannot cure your son, but I know one who attend to it. You must go to him: he can g medicine."

Then she went to him, and said, "Lord master, do you know any medicine that will good for my boy?" He answered, "I know some." She asked, "What medicine do you quire?" The sage replied, "I require a han of mustard-seed taken from a house where son, husband, parent, or servant has died." mother then went about with her dead child, ing for the mustard-seed. The people said, "H is some mustard-seed: take it." Then she ask "In my friend's house has there died a son husband, a parent, or a servant?" They repli "What is this you say? The living are few, the dead are many."

Then she went to other houses; but one s "I have lost my son"; another, "I have lost parent"; until at last she said: "This is a he task I have undertaken. I am not the only whose son is dead. In the whole country, child are dying, parents are dying."

The woman went and laid her child down in forest, and then came to the teacher. He sai her, "Have you received the handful of must seed?" She answered, "I have not: the pe of the village told me, The living are few, the dead are many." Then he said to her, " thought that you alone had lost a son; the la *death rules* all."

Then the mother devoted herself to helping others.

With slight changes, from Conway's version of one of Buddha's Parables.

The messenger you sent to tell me of the death of my little daughter missed his way. But I heard of it through another.

I pray you let all things be done without ceremony or timorous superstition. And let us bear our affliction with patience. I do know very well what a loss we have had; but, if you should grieve overmuch, it would trouble me still more. She was particularly dear to you; and when you call to mind how bright and innocent she was, how amiable and mild, then your grief must be peculiarly bitter. For not only was she kind and generous to other children, but even to her very playthings.

But should the sweet remembrance of those things which so delighted us when she was alive only afflict us now, when she is dead? Or is there danger that, if we cease to mourn, we shall forget her? But since she gave us so much pleasure while we had her, so ought we to cherish her memory, and make that memory a glad rather than a sorrowful one. And such reasons as we would use with others, let us try to make effective with ourselves. And as we put a limit to all *tedious indulgence in* our pleasures, so let us also check *the excessive* flow of our grief. It is well, *in action* and dress, to shrink from an ove

display of mourning, as well as to be mod
unassuming on festal occasions.

Let us also call to mind the years bef
little daughter was born. We are now
same condition as then, except that the ti
was with us is to be counted as an added b
Let us not ungratefully accuse Fortune fo
was given us, because we could not also h
that we desired. What we had, and while
it, was good, though now we have it no long

Remember also how much of good y
possess. Because one page of your b
blotted, do not forget all the other leaves
reading is fair and whose pictures are be
We should not be like misers, who neve
what they have, but only bewail what they l

And since she is gone where she feels n
let us not indulge in too much grief. The
incapable of death. And she, like a bird n
enough in her cage to become attached t
free to fly away to a purer air. For, whe
dren die, their souls go at once to a bett
a divine state. Since we cherish a trust lik
let our outward actions be in accord with
let us keep our hearts pure and our minds c

F

*Written out, with some changes, from his "Con
Letter to his Wife," on the death of their child.*

It is not so much what one gains or l
what one becomes that makes life a failu
success. And as the garden over which no
lower, and on which no rains fall, produ

fragrant flowers and no luscious fruits, so is it in human lives. Prosperity alone rarely produces the finest results of character. A rough gem is turned into a jewel by cutting and grinding.

When blessings are lost, let us not forget that their possession, while we had them, was a positive good. The sunshine yesterday was sweet, though it be cloudy to-day. If we complain, "The Lord hath taken away," let us not forget to say, also, "The Lord gave"; and perhaps some day, though it be with tears, we may be able to add, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

A child is taken. It made the house bright, like a gleam of sunshine. It is gone, and it is dark. But was having the child so long a little thing? Would you have all the sweet memories blotted out for the sake of escaping the sorrow? Or are you not glad the little one was yours, if only for a time? Is it not "better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all"?

But why does it happen to *me?* why is my home broken, while my neighbor's circle remains complete? But are we ever sure that our burdens are heavier than others? Can we look into the secrets of other homes, or read the secrets of other hearts, and thus tell whose cross is hardest to bear.

An ancient fable tells the story that once, many years ago, all men and women were permitted to throw off their burdens in a heap, and then to choose from the pile any other that they preferred. It was only a little while before they all returned begged to carry their own old trouble on

more. Each heart knows its own bitterness; b
who knows that his own grief is bitterer than th
of his neighbor?

But we say, The little one's life was incomple
He had only sat down to the feast when he v
snatched away. He was a bud that had no ti
to bloom.

But who gathers a bouquet, and does not th
the buds the finest part? The bud is as perf
as the flower. And, were it not, can it not b
som in any conservatory but ours?

And shall heaven have no children in it? M
none but gray hairs pass through its gates?
shall not, rather, glad, gleesome children, v
flowing hair and merry eyes, go with laugl
through its doorways, to meet "their angels" v
"do always behold the face of their Fathe
heaven"?

Let us not forget that there are two side
dying,—this earth side and the heaven side.
stars that go out when morning comes do not
shining: only some other eyes in some other
are made glad by them.

Suppose an emigrant family,—part of it
Europe and part here in our New World. W
a ship sets sail with one more on board, t
are good-bys and heavy hearts and tears an
those left behind. But when, across the sea,
same ship comes to port, what greetings and
ness and laughter! Ought not those who are
to mitigate their sorrow by some thought of
gladness of those on the other side?

Have not some passed over from all our

Shall we not pause in our weeping long enou
to remember that our sad farewell is followed
a glad reunion there? The boat, with its muff
oars, pushes off, and we lose sight of it throu
the mist of our tears. But its keel shall har
touch the sunny shore of that other land, bef
our loved one shall leap out and be clasped in
arms of those who long have waited.

M. J.

With changes, from "Light on the Cloud."

(SPOKEN AT THE GRAVE OF A FRIEND'S CHILD.)

My Friends, I know how vain it is to gil
grief with words; and yet I wish to take fr
every grave its fear. Here in this world, wh
life and death are equal kings, all should be br
enough to meet what all the dead have met. T
future has been filled with fear, stained and
luted by the heartless past. From the wondr
tree of life, the buds and blossoms fall with ripe
fruit, and in the common bed of earth the pa
archs and babes sleep side by side. Why sho
we fear that which will come to all that is?
cannot tell, we do not know, which is the grea
blessing,—life or death. We cannot say t
death is not a good. We do not know whet
the grave is the end of this life or the door of
other, or whether the night here is not somewh
else a dawn. Neither can we tell which is
more fortunate,—the child dying in its moth
arms, *before its lips* have learned to form a w
or he who journeys all the length of life's w

road, painfully taking the last slow steps with s
and crutch.

Every cradle asks us, "Whence?" and ev
coffin, "Whither?" The poor barbarian, weep
above his dead, can answer these questions as
telligently and satisfactorily as the robed pries
the most authentic creed. The tearful ignora
of the one is just as consoling as the learned
unmeaning words of the other. No man, stand
where the horizon of a life has touched a gr
has any right to prophecy a future filled with
and tears. It may be that death gives all th
is of worth to life. If those we press and st
against our hearts could never die, perhaps
love would wither from the earth. Maybe
common fate treads from out the paths betw
our hearts the weeds of selfishness and hate;
I had rather live and love where death is
than have eternal life where love is not. Ano
life is naught, unless we know and love again
ones who love us here.

They who stand with breaking hearts aro
this little grave need have no fear. The la
and the nobler faith in all that is and is to be
us that death, even at its worst, is only per
rest. We know that through the common w
of life, the needs and duties of each hour, t
grief will lessen day by day, until at last
grave will be to them a place of rest and pe
almost of joy. There is for them this consolat
The dead do not suffer. If they live again,
lives will surely be as good as ours.

same mother, and the same fate awaits us all. We, too, have our religion, and it is this,— help for the living, hope for the dead.

R. G. Ingersoll.

The Sorrow of Bereavement.

Then Job arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshipped. And said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

After this opened Job his mouth, and cursed his day. And Job spake, and said, Let the day perish wherein I was born. Let that day be darkness; let not God regard it from above, neither let the light shine upon it. Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; let the blackness of the day terrify it.

As for that night, let darkness seize upon it; let it not be joined unto the days of the year, let it not come into the number of the months. Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein. Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day.

For now should I have lain still and been quiet, I should have slept: then had I been at rest. There the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest *together; they* hear not the voice of the oppressor. *The small* and great are there; and the servant *free from* his master.

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul; which long for death, but it cometh not; and dig for it more than for hid treasures; which rejoice exceedingly, and are glad when they can find the grave? Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? My tears have been my meat day and night, while they continually say unto me, Where is thy God?

When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in me; for I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to the house of God, with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that kept holyday.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. O my God, my soul is cast down within me: therefore will I remember thee. Deep calleth unto deep: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.

Yet the Lord will command his loving-kindness in the daytime, and in the night his song shall be with me, and my prayer unto the God of my life. I will say unto God my rock, Why hast thou forgotten me? why go I mourning because of the oppression of the enemy?

As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies reach me; while they say daily unto me, Wher

God? Why art thou cast down, O my
nd why art thou disquieted within me?
ou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who
ealth of my countenance and my God.

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to the encounter of death in our own
the most sensible calamity is the death of
. It were inhumanity, and not virtue, not
oved. In such cases, we cannot command
s: we cannot forbear weeping, and we
ot to forbear. We may accuse fate, but
ot alter it: it is not to be removed either
proaches or tears. They may carry us to
l, but never bring them back again to us.
rn without measure is folly; and not to
at all is insensibility.
comfort of having a friend may be taken
ut not that of having had one. In some
, I have lost what I have had; in others, I
in what I have lost. It is an ill construc-
Providence to reflect only upon my friend's
aken away, without any regard to the ben-
is being once given me.
is therefore make the best of our friends
e have them. He that has lost a friend
e cause of joy that he once had him, than
that he is taken away. That which is past
sure of. It is impossible to make it not to
en. But there is no applying of consola-
fresh and bleeding sorrow: the very dis-
ritates the grief and inflames it.

Sene

The Discipline of Sorrow.

Blessed be God, even the Father of our I
Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the
of all comfort; who comforteth us in all our t
lation, that we may be able to comfort them w
are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith
ourselves are comforted of God.

Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, an
shall strengthen thy heart; wait, I say, on
Lord. Weeping may endure for a night, but
cometh in the morning. He doth not afflict
ingly, nor grieve the children of men. And
have forgotten the exhortation which spea
unto you as unto children, My son, despise
thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint
thou art rebuked of him: for whom the
loveth he chasteneth.

We have had fathers of our flesh which
rected us, and we gave them reverence: shal
not much rather be in subjection unto the F
of spirits, and live? For they verily for a
days chastened us after their own pleasure;
he for our profit, that we might be partake
his holiness.

Wherefore lift up the hands which hang d
and the feeble knees; and make straight path
your feet, lest that which is lamed be turned
of the way; but let it rather be healed.

For which cause we faint not; but though
outward man perish, yet the inward man is
newed day by day. For our light affliction, w
is but for a moment, worketh for us a far

exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal. Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground. For he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over. Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me.

Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation. When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up. Teach me thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path I had fainted, unless I had believed to see

goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge, and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. Surely he shall deliver me from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence. He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.

Death of a Public Man.

Let us call to remembrance the great and the good through whom the Lord hath wrought glory and honor; such as were leaders of the people, men renowned for power, for counsel, for understanding and foresight; wise and eloquent in their teachings, and by their knowledge made fit helpers of their fellow-men.

They were musicians, poets, just rulers, w
eekers after truth. They were honored in th
enerations, and were the glory of their tim
They have left a name behind them, and th
emembrance is sweet as honey in all mout
And, though some have left no memorial beh
hem, yet their righteousness is not lost, and
blessed results of their goodness cannot be blot
out. Their bodies are buried in peace; but th
work lives on forever.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and af
times will show forth their praise. For the me
rial of virtue is immortal, because it is known w
God and with men. While it is present, men t
example of it; and, when it is gone, they earne
desire it. It weareth a crown forever, having g
ten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards.

The righteous shall be in everlasting rem
brance, and the memory of the just shall
blessed. We mourn for them, saying: "Bea
ful wast thou in thy life! How are the mig
ones fallen! Yet God shall not leave thy soul
the grave, nor suffer his holy ones to see corr
tion!"

Seeing therefore that we are compassed ab
with such a cloud of witnesses, let us run w
patience the race that is set before us. And
they fought a good fight, finished their cou
and held fast to their trust, so may we, tak
them for an example.

Whatsoever things are true, and whatsoe
things are honest; whatsoever things are j
and whatsoever things are pure, whatso

hings are lovely and of good report: if there
ny virtue or anything worthy of praise, let u
hink on these things.

Let us now praise famous men. . . . The Lor
ıath wrought great glory by them, . . . men re
ıowned for their power, giving counsel by their
ınderstanding and declaring prophecies, . . . lead-
ırs of the people by their counsels, and by their
ınowledge of learning meet for the people, wise
ınd eloquent in their instructions, . . . such as
ound out musical tunes and recited verses in writ-
ng, . . . all these were honored in their generation,
ınd were the glory of their times. . . . These be of
hem that have left a name behind, that their praises
night be reported. . . . Their bodies are buried in
ɔeace, but their name liveth forevermore.

While I was yet young, or ever I went abroad,
desired wisdom openly in my prayer. I prayed
or her before the temple, and will seek her out
ven to the end. Even from the flower till the
ɹrape was ripe hath my heart delighted in her:
ny foot went in the right way. . . . I bowed down
nine ear, . . . and got much learning. I profited
herein: therefore will I ascribe glory to Him that
ɹiveth me wisdom.

I also came out as a drain from a river, and a
. conduit into a garden. I said, I will water my
ɔest garden, and will water abundantly my garde
ɔed; and, lo! my brook became a river, and my
iver became a sea. . . . I will yet make doctrin
shine as the morning, and will send her li

f. I will yet pour out doctrine as prophecy, ave it to all ages forever. Behold that I ot labored for myself only, but for all them ek wisdom.

wisdom of a learned man cometh by oppor- of leisure. . . . He that giveth his mind to v of the Most High, and is occupied in the tion thereof, will seek out the wisdom of ıcient. . . . He will keep the sayings of ıed men ; and where subtle parables are, he there also. He will seek out the secrets ve sentences. . . . He will travel through e countries; for he hath tried the good and il among men. . . . When the great Lord e shall be filled with the spirit of under- ıg, and give thanks unto the Lord in his . . . . He shall show forth that which he earned. . . . Many shall commend his un- ıding, and so long as the world endureth it ot be blotted out.

the counsel of thine own heart stand; for is no man more faithful to thee than it. man's mind is sometimes wont to tell him than seven watchmen that sit above in a)wer.

Lord Almighty is God alone. . . . He fill- l things with his wisdom. . . . He maketh ctrine of knowledge appear as the light. . . . rst man knew her not perfectly; no more ıe last find her out. For her thoughts are han the sea, and her counsels profounder ıe great deep.

Sentences from Ecclesiasticus.

The Hope of Immortality.

For there is hope of a tree, if it be
that it will sprout again, and that the te
thereof will not cease. Though the r
wax old in the earth, and the stock th
the ground; yet through the scent of
bud, and bring forth boughs like a p
man die, shall he live again? All the
appointed time will I wait, till my ch
Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee
have a desire to the work of thine
heart and my flesh faileth, but God is t
of my heart and my portion forever.

God created man to be immortal.
him an image of his own eternity. T
the righteous are in the hands of Go
shall no evil touch them. In the sight
wise they seem to die; and their going
thought to be destruction. But they a
Their hope is full of immortality.

The righteous live for evermore. T
is with the Lord; and they are in the
Most High. They shall receive a gl
dom and a beautiful crown from the L

The last enemy that shall be destroy
But some man will say, How are the
up? and with what body do they co
which thou sowest is not quickened, ex
and that which thou sowest, thou sow
body that shall be, but God giveth it
hath pleased him, and to every seed his

All flesh is not the same flesh: but

ind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, an-
:her of fishes, and another of birds. There are
so celestial bodies and bodies terrestrial; but the
lory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the
:rrestrial is another.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory
: the moon, and another glory of the stars; for
ne star differeth from another star in glory. So
so is the higher life of the dead.

It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incor-
ıption: it is sown in dishonor; it is raised in
lory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in
ower: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a
piritual body. There is a natural body, and there
: a spiritual body.

Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual,
ut that which is natural; and afterward that
hich is spiritual. As is the earthy, such are they
lso that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such
re they also that are heavenly. And as we have
orne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear
ıe image of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and blood
ınnot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth
›rruption inherit incorruption. For this corrupti-
le must put on incorruption, and this mortal must
ıt on immortality. So when this corruptible
ıall have put on incorruption, and this mortal
ıall have put on immortality, then shall be
:ought to pass the saying that is written, Death
swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy
ing? O grave, where is thy victory?

For we know that if our earthly house of this

tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building God, an house not made with hands, eternal in heavens. For we that are in this tabernacle groan, being burdened: not for that we would unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality m be swallowed up of life.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy u their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladn and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. An heard a voice from heaven saying, Blessed are dead. They rest from their labors; and t works do follow them. They shall hunger more, neither thirst any more; neither shall sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the city hath no need of the sun, neithe the moon to shine in it; for the glory of God d lighten it. And the nations shall walk in light of it. The gates of it shall not be shu all; and there shall be no night there.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven say Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, an will dwell with them, and they shall be his pe and God himself shall be with them, and be t God. And God shall wipe away all tears f their eyes; and there shall be no more d neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall ther any more pain: for the former things are pa away.

This life is only a prelude to eternity, where *are to expect* another state of things. We *no prospect* of heaven here, but at a distance

herefore, expect our last hour with courage. last I say to our bodies, but not to our minds. day which we fear as our last is but the birth- of eternity. What we fear as a rock proves : a harbor. He who dies young has only made ck voyage of it. What if death comes? If it not stay with us, why should we fear it?

hat it is we know not. And it were rash to emn what we do not understand. But this we ume, either we shall pass out of this life into tter one, where we shall live in diviner man-, or else return to our first principles, free any sense of inconvenience.

hat which we call death is but a pause or sus- ion, and in truth a progress to life: only our ghts look downward upon the body, and not ard upon things to come. It is the care of a and good man to look to his manners and ns; and rather how well he lives than how . To die sooner or later is not the business, to die well or ill; for death brings us to im- tality.

Seneca.

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hose of us who think that death is an evil are rror. There is great reason to hope that h is a good. For one of two things: either h is a state of nothingness and utter uncon- usness, or there is a migration of the soul from world to another.

ow, if there is no consciousness, but a sleep, isturbed by dreams, death will be a gain; for *nity is then* but a single night.

But if death is the journey to another place, and there all the dead are, what good, O my friends, can be greater than this? What would not a man give, if he might converse with Orpheus and Musæus and Hesiod and Homer? Nay, if this be true, let me die again and again. I shall have a wonderful interest in there meeting and conversing with the heroes of old.

Above all, I shall then be able to continue my search into knowledge. What delight would there be in conversing with [the great and good] and asking them questions!

[And] besides being happier in that world than in this, they will be immortal, if what is said is true.

Wherefore, be of good cheer about death, and know of a certainty that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death. To die and be released [is] better for me.

I am not angry with my condemners or with my accusers. They have done me no harm, although they did not intend to do me any good; and for this I may gently blame them.

The hour of departure has arrived, and we go our ways,— I to die and you to live. Which is better God only knows.

The soul, which cannot die, merits all the moral and intellectual improvement we can possibly give it. A Spirit, formed to live forever, should be making continual advances in virtue and wisdom. *At death, such* a soul is conducted by its invisible *guardian to* the heights of heavenly felicity, where

comes the associate of the wise and good of
ges. . . .

it not strange, my friends, that, after all I
said to convince you I am going to the soci-
of the happy, you still think this body to be
ates? Bury my lifeless body where you
se; but do not mourn over it, as if *that* were
ates. . . .

would be wrong for me not to be grieved to
if I did not think I should go to dwell with
who have departed from this life, and are
er than any who are here. And be assured I
: to go and dwell among good men. I enter-
a good hope that something awaits those who
and that it will be better for the good than
he evil, as has been said long since.

Socrates, 469 *B.C.*

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ne soul lives after the body dies. The soul
es through the gate; he makes a way in the
ness to his Father. He has pierced the heart
vil, to do the things of his Father. He has
: a prepared Spirit. He says: Hail, thou
Created! Do not turn me away. I am one
ny types on earth. I have not privily done
against any man; I have not been idle; I
not made any to weep; I have not mur-
d; I have not defrauded; I have not com-
ed adultery. I am pure.

Judge of the Dead answers:

et the soul pass on. He is without sin; he
upon *truth*. He has made his delight in
what men say, and what the gods wish.

He has given food to the hungry; drin
thirsty; and clothes to the naked. His
pure, and his hands are pure. His hear
right in the balance. The departed fc
earth the battle of the good gods, as his
the Lord of the Invisible World, had cor
him. O God, the protector of him
brought his cry unto thee, make it well
in the world of Spirits!

A portion of the Egyptian Book of the Dead
ancient tombs, written on papyrus,— 2000

May thy soul attain to the Creator of
kind. . . . These have found grace in th
the Great God. They dwell in the a
glory, where the heavenly life is led. Th
which they have abandoned will repose f
their tombs, while they will enjoy the pre
the Great God.

Writing in Egyptian tombs,—

The God of the Dead waits enthrone
mortal light to welcome the good into l
dom of joy: to the homes he had gone to
for them, where the One Being dwells be
stars.

Oldest of the Vedas, Hindu,—

Death does not differ at all from life.

Thales, Grecian,— *born*

The evil-doer mourns in this world, an
mourn in the next world: in both world

rrow. He grieves, he is tormented, seeing the ril of his deeds.

The virtuous man rejoices in this world, and he ill rejoice in another world: in both worlds hath e joy. He rejoices, he exults, seeing the virtue f his deeds.

As kindred, friends, and dear ones salute him ho hath travelled far and returned home safe, so ill good deeds welcome him who goes from this orld and enters another.

Dhammapada, Buddha, Sakya, Hindu,— born 627 *B.C.*

The man who has constantly contended against vil, morally and physically, outwardly and inwardly, may fearlessly meet death; well assured hat radiant Spirits will lead him across the luminous bridge into a paradise of eternal happiness. ... Souls risen from the graves will know each other, and say, That is my father, or my brother, ny wife, or my sister.

Zendavesta, Persian, Zoroaster,— 589 *B.C.*

When thou shalt have laid aside thy body, thou halt rise, freed from mortality, and become a god f the kindly skies.

Pythagoras, Grecian,— born 580 *B.C.*

My body must descend to the place ordained, ut my soul will not descend: being a thing nmortal, it will ascend on high, where it will nter a heavenly abode.

Heraclitus, Ephesian,— 500 B.C.

The soul is the principle of life, which the overeign Wisdom employed to animate bodies. latter is inert and perishable. The soul thinks, :ts, and is immortal. . . . There is another invisi- le, external existence superior to this visible one, hich does not perish when all things perish. hose who attain to this never return.

Bhagavadgita, Hindu,— 200 *B.C.*

The soul is not born; it does not die. It was ot produced from any one, nor was any produced om it. Unborn, eternal, it is not slain, though ıe body is slain. Subtler than what is subtle, reater than what is great,— sitting, it goes far; eeping, it goes everywhere. Thinking of the ɔul as unbodily among bodies, and firm among eeting things, the wise man casts off all grief.

Buddhist Scripture.

The effect of water poured on the root of a tree seen aloft in the branches and fruit; so in the ext world are seen the effects of good deeds per- ɔrmed here.

Buddhist Scriptures, Siam.

There are treasures laid up in the heart,— treas- res of charity, piety, temperance, and soberness. hese treasures a man takes with him beyond eath, when he leaves this world.

Buddhist Scriptures, Ceylon.

Man never dies. The soul inhabits the body *r a time, and* leaves it again. The soul is my *f: the body* is only my dwelling-place. Birth

: there is a soul already existent when comes to it. Death is not death: the ɛly departs, and the body falls. It is be- n see only their bodies that they love life death.

Buddhist Scriptures, Chinese.

ıpossible there should be much happiness e; but there is great hope that after death ·son may obtain what he most wishes for. ːtrine is not new, but has been known ɨreeks and other nations. . . .

ɔul of each of us is an immortal Spirit, to other immortals to give an account ːions. . . .

.e soul be destroyed? No. But if in this ife it has shunned being governed by the l has governed itself within itself, and has l from the body in a pure state, taking sensual away with it, does it not then › that which resembles itself,—to the in- ıe divine, the wise, the immortal? And, rival there, is it not freed from errors, ɛ, fears, wild passions, and all other human

who have lived a holy life, when they are n this earth and set at large, will arrive abode above, and live through all future hey will arrive at habitations more beau- ı it is easy to describe.

Plato,—429 *B.C.*

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ious day, when I shall remove from this crowd to join the divine assembly of

souls! For I shall go not only to meet great me but also my own son. His spirit, looking ba upon me, departed to that place whither he kn that I should soon come; and he has never (serted me. If I have borne his loss with coura it is because I consoled myself with the thou that our separation would not be for long.

Cato (as quoted by Cicero),—born 243 b

When I consider the faculties with which human soul is endowed,—its amazing celerity, wonderful power of recollecting past events, a its sagacity in discerning the future, together w its numberless discoveries in the arts and scien —I feel a conscious conviction that this act comprehensive principle cannot possibly be o mortal nature.

And as this unceasing activity of the soul rives its energy from its own intrinsic and es tial powers, without receiving it from any fore or external impulse, it necessarily follows that activity must continue forever. I am induced embrace this opinion, not only as agreeable to best deductions of reason, but also in defere to the authority of the noblest and most dis guished philosophers.

I consider this world as a place which Na never intended for my permanent abode; ar look on my departure from it, not as being dr *from my* habitation, but simply as leaving an

Cicero, Roman,—born 10

y Father's house are many mansions. I
epare a place for you. . . .
who shall be accounted worthy to obtain
rld cannot die any more; for they are equal
e angels.
that the dead are raised, even Moses show-
he bush, when he called the Lord the God
ham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of
for he is not a God of the dead, but of the

Jesus Christ, Israelite. New Testament.

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y lamentations and mournful chants ought
elebrate the funeral of a good man, but by
for, in ceasing to be numbered with mor-
enters upon the heritage of a diviner life.

Plutarch, Grecian,— 50 *A.D.*

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a misfortune to pass from infancy to youth?
is can it be a misfortune to go from this
le life to that true life into which we are
ed by death. Our first changes are con-
with the progressive development of life.
w change which death effects is only the
to a more desirable perfection. To com-
the necessity of dying is to accuse Nature
aving condemned us to perpetual infancy.

ory of Nyssa, Early Christian Father,— 394 *A.D.*

What if earth
but the shadow of heaven? and things therein
ch to the other like, more than on earth is thought?

John Milton, English,— 1667 A.D

In Nature, everything is connected, like body and spirit. Our future destination is a new link in the chain of our being, which connects itself with the present link most minutely, and by the most subtle progression; as our earth is connected with the sun, and as the moon is connected with our earth.

When death bursts the bonds of limitation, God will transplant us, like flowers, into quite other fields, and surround us with entirely different circumstances. Who has not experienced what new faculties are given to the soul by a new situation, — faculties which, in our old corner, in the stifling atmosphere of old circumstances and occupations, we had never imagined ourselves capable of?

In these matters we can do nothing but conjecture. But wherever I may be, through whatever worlds I may be led, I know that I shall forever remain in the hands of the Father who brought me hither, and who calls me further on.

Herder, German,— 1774 *A.D.*

I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, even to positive conviction, that the Power which gave me existence is able to continue it in any form and manner he pleases, either with or without this body; and it appears more probable to me that I *shall continue* to exist hereafter, than that I should *have existence* as I now have, before that existence began.

Thomas Paine, American.— 1795 *A.D.*

s a state of embryo, a preparation for life.
is not completely born until he has passed
death.

B. Franklin, American,—1776 *A.D.*

ı we die, we shall find we have not lost our
we have only lost our sleep.

J. P. Richter, German,—1774 *A.D.*

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hat import this vacant sky, these puffing
s, these insignificant lives, full of selfish
nd quarrels, and ennui? Everything is
:ive, and man is to live hereafter. That
ld is for his education is the only sane
of the enigma.

ıe comfort I have found teaches me to con-
: I shall not have less in times and places
o not yet know. I have known admirable
without feeling that they exhaust the pos-
of virtue and talent. I have seen glories
te, of summer mornings and evenings, of
t sky; I have enjoyed the benefits of all
nplex machinery of arts and civilization,
:esults of comfort. The Good Power can
rovide me millions more as good.

have seen teaches me to trust the Creator
I have not seen. Whatever it be which
ıt Providence prepares for us, it must be
ng large and generous, and in the great
his works.

R. W. Emerson, American,—19th cent. A.D.

We sometimes congratulate ourselves at moment of waking from a troubled dream: it be so after death.

N. Hawthorne, American,— 19th cent.

God is our Father. Heaven is his high thr and this earth is his footstool. While we around, and meditate or pray, one by one, as fall asleep he lifts us into his bosom, and waking is inside the gates of an everlasting w

William Mountford, American,— 19th cent.

We go to the grave of a friend, saying, A is dead; but angels throng about him, saying man is born.

H. W. Beecher, American,— 19th cent.

This world is simply the threshold of our life; the first stepping-stone from nonentity the boundless expanse of possibility. It is infant-school of the soul. The physical univ spread out before us, and the spiritual trials mysteries of our discipline, are simply our pri our grammar, our spelling dictionary, to teac something of the language we are to use in maturity.

Starr King, American,— 19th cent.

Burial Service.

FROM A. U. A. SERVICE BOOK.

I AM the resurrection and the life, saith the rd Jesus Christ: he that believeth in me, ough he were dead, yet shall he live; and who- ever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. We brought nothing into this world, and it is rtain that we can carry nothing out. The Lord ve, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be e name of the Lord.

All flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man the flower of grass. The grass withereth, the wer fadeth; but the word of our God endureth rever.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in od, believe also in me. In my Father's house e many mansions: if it were not so, I would ve told you. I go to prepare a place for you. nd if I go and prepare a place for you, I will me again and receive you unto myself; that ere I am, there ye may be also.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become e first fruits of them that slept. For since by n came death, by man came also the resurrec- n of the dead. For as in Adam all die, even so Christ shall all be made alive.

There is one glory of the sun, and another glory *the moon, and* another glory of the stars; for

one star differeth from another star in glory. also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sov corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is : in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in v ness, it is raised in power; it is sown a na body, it is raised a spiritual body.

As is the earthy, such are they also that earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they that are heavenly. And as we have borne image of the earthy, we shall also bear the ir of the heavenly.

Now this I say, brethren, that flesh and l cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither corruption inherit incorruption. For this co tible must put on incorruption, and this m must put on immortality.

So when this corruptible shall have put on i ruption, and this mortal shall have put on im tality, then shall be brought to pass the sa that is written, Death is swallowed up in vic

O death! where is thy sting? O grave! w is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, anc strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to who giveth us the victory, through our Lord J Christ.

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steac unmovable, always abounding in the work of Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your lab not in vain in the Lord.

I reckon that the sufferings of the present are not worthy to be compared with the *which* shall be revealed to us. For eye hath *seen, nor* ear heard, nor the heart of man

ed, the things which God hath prepared for
n that love him.
ur light affliction, which is but for a moment,
eth for us a far more exceeding and eternal
ht of glory; while we look not at the things
h are seen, but at the things which are not
: for the things which are seen are temporal,
the things which are not seen are eternal.
we know that, if our earthly house of this
rnacle were dissolved, we have a building of
, a house not made with hands, eternal in the
ens.
Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth. If ye
ure chastening, God dealeth with you as with
. Now no chastening for the present seemeth
e joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, after-
l it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteous-
unto them that are exercised thereby.
he trying of your faith worketh patience. Sub-
yourselves to God, and the Lord will raise
up.
lessed be the God and Father of our Lord
s Christ, who, according to his abundant
y, hath begotten us again to a lively hope, by
resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead; to
inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, and
fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you.
We know in part, and we prophesy in part; but
n that which is perfect shall come, then that
h is in part shall be done away. Now we see
ugh a glass, darkly; but then, face to face:
I know in part; but then shall I know even
so I am known.

And I heard a great voice out of heaven, s
Behold! the tabernacle of God is with men
he will dwell with them, and they shall be hi
ple, and God himself shall be with them, a
their God.

I heard a voice from heaven, saying unt
Write, From henceforth blessed are the dea
die in the Lord. Even so, saith the Spirit
they rest from their labors, and their work
follow them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirs
more; neither shall the sun light on them, n
heat. For the lamb which is in the midst o
throne shall feed them, and shall lead them u
living fountains of waters; and God shall w
away all tears from their eyes.

And there shall be no more death, neither s
row, nor crying, nor pain: for the former thi
are passed away.

Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is wi
me, to give every man according as his work sh
be. Blessed are they that do his commandment
that they may have right to the tree of life, a
may enter in through the gates into the city.

Jesus said, Suffer the little children to co
unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is t
kingdom of God.

*Prayer may here be offered by the Minister, or said
follows:*

Holy Father, be thou blessed both now a
evermore; for all that thou doest is good. Th
hast seen fit to take away one who is very d

Give us, we beseech thee, the spirit of
bmission. Enable us to say, It is well, for
d hath done it. May we feel that thy will
r than any thing we can desire for our-
and may we find comfort in holy and happy
ts of the unseen world. Bring home to our
the promises of thy Son to those who fall
in him.

Lord, teach us how to live so as to please
May nothing cause us to forget that we are
ms and sojourners here, as all our fathers
; and may we set our chief affections on
e things which are above. Merciful Father,
ive us our sins, and raise us from the death of
to the life of righteousness.

O Lord God, fill our hearts with gratitude for
y great loving kindness to us. When thou
kest away, we see how much thou hast given.
e thank thee for the sweet memory of blessings
hich are for a season withdrawn from us, and for
e many blessings which yet remain, and for
pes which no earthly troubles can overshadow.
Blessed be thy name, O Lord, for the assurance
eternal life; for the faith that, when the night
the grave is past, a glorious morning will come,
hen thou shalt wipe away all tears from our eyes,
d there shall be no more death, neither sorrow,
r crying, nor pain. Let this immortal hope
stain us in our bereavement. May we embrace
y promises, and be thankful; may we know that
ou art God, and be still.

O Lord, most high, with thy whole Church
roughout the world we give thee thanks for

thy faithful servants who, having witnessed good confession, have left the light of their ample to shine before thy people on ear Blessed be the memory of all thy saints in o hearts. Teach us, who now dwell upon earth, practise their doctrine, to imitate their lives, a to follow their example as they have follow Christ and thee.

Hear, accept, and answer these our praye which we would offer to thee in the faith a spirit of thy Son. Amen.

A Hymn may here be sung.

May the peace of God, which passeth und standing, and the comfort of the Holy Spirit, in your hearts always. Amen.

that is born of woman is of few days, and
trouble. He cometh forth like a flower,
ut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and
eth not.
e midst of life, we are in death. Of whom
e seek for succor, but of thee, O Lord, in
ur souls do rest and hope?
must work the work of Him that sent us
t is day; the night cometh, in which no
n work.
e the wicked cease from troubling, and the
re at rest.
henceforth, blessed are the dead, who die
Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they
m their labors, and their works do follow

n may be sung here, or at the close of the service.

smuch as it hath pleased Almighty God to
nto himself the soul of his child, we there-
mmit the body to the ground, earth to
ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in the living
hat, as he has borne the image of the
so also he shall bear the image of the

Let us pray:

Almighty God, with whom do live the spirits of them that depart hence in the Lord, and with whom the souls of the faithful are in joy and felicity: we thank thee for having given to us this dear friend whom thou hast now taken away, and for the blessed assurance of reunion in a better world. Oh, grant that we, with all who are departed in faith, may have our perfect consummation and bliss in thine eternal glory. Amen.

The Lord's Prayer may here be said.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with us all evermore. Amen.

Poems.

BE READ AS PART OF THE BURIAL SERVICE.

— Words or phrases may be changed or omitted to adapt the poem asion.

From "In Memoriam."

O, YET we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not any thing;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off — at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light
And with no language but a cry.

I falter where I firmly trod,
And, falling with my weight of cares
Upon the world's great altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

This truth came, borne with bier and pall,
I felt it when I sorrowed most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

Tennyson.

To J. S.

God gives us love. Something to love
He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

This is the curse of time. Alas!
In grief I am not all unlearned;
Once through mine own doors Death did pass;
One went, who never hath returned.

He will not smile — not speak to me
Once more. Two years his chair is seen
Empty before us. That was he
Without whose life I had not been.

Your loss is rarer; for this star
Rose with you through a little arc
Of heaven, nor having wandered far,
Shot on the sudden into dark.

I knew your brother: his mute dust
I honor, and his living worth;
A man more pure and bold and just
Was never born into the earth.

I have not looked upon you nigh,
Since that dear soul hath fallen asleep.
Great Nature is more wise than I:
I will not tell you not to weep.

And though my own eyes fill with dew,
Drawn from the spirit through the brain,
I will not even preach to you,
"Weep, weeping dulls the inward pain."

Let Grief be her own mistress still:
She loveth her own anguish deep
More than much pleasure. Let her will
Be done — to weep or not to weep.

I will not say, "God's ordinance
Of death is blown in every wind;"
For that is not a common chance
That takes away a noble mind.

His memory long will live alone
In all our hearts, as mournful light
That broods above the fallen sun,
And dwells in heaven half the night.

Vain solace! Memory, standing near,
Cast down her eyes, and in her throat
Her voice seemed distant, and a tear
Dropt on the letters as I wrote.

I wrote I know not what. In truth
How *should* I soothe you anyway,
Who miss the brother of your youth?
Yet something I did wish to say.

For he too was a friend to me:
Both are my friends, and my true breast
Bleedeth for both; yet it may be
That only silence suiteth best.

Words weaker than your grief would make
Grief more. 'Twere better I should cease,
Although myself could almost take
The place of him that sleeps in peace.

Sleep sweetly, tender heart, in peace:
Sleep, holy spirit, blessed soul,
While the stars burn, the moons increase,
And the great ages onward roll.

Sleep till the end, true soul and sweet.
Nothing comes to thee new or strange.
Sleep full of rest from head to feet;
Lie still, dry dust, secure of change.

Tennyson.

He who Died at Azim.

He who died at Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends:

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"*I* am not the thing you kiss:
Cease your tears, and let it lie:
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which at last,
Like a bird, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room,—
The wearer, not the garb,—the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise and dry
Straightway every weeping eye.
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.

'Tis an empty sea-shell,— one
Out of which the pearl has gone.
The shell is broken, it lies there:
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold is in his store!
Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends;
Yet ye weep, my foolish friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you,— lost, 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of undisturbed felicity,—
In a perfect paradise,
And a life that never dies.
Farewell, friends! But not farewell:
Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A moment's worth, a little space.
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain:
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,— for death,
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above.
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home.

La-il Allah! Allah la!
O love divine! O love alway!

He who died at Azim gave
This to those who made his grave.

Edwin Arnold.

The Secret of Death.

"SHE is dead," they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her, thy love is clay."

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet, thin lips that had secrets to tell;

And over her bosom they crossed her hands,—
"Come away," they said, "God understands."

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp, and took the key,
And turned it. Alone again,—he and she.

Then he said, "Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language of death?

"See now, I listen with soul, not ear:
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear!
I hold the breath of my soul to hear.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed.

"*You should* not ask vainly with streaming eyes,
Which of all death's was the chief surprise?"

Who will believe what he heard her say,
With a sweet soft voice, in the dear old way?

"The utmost wonder is this: *I hear,*
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"*And am your angel, who was your bride,*
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

Edwin Arnold.

Night and Death.

"MYSTERIOUS night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet, 'neath the curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
While leaf and fly and insect lay revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou madest us blind!
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If *light* can thus deceive, wherefore not *life?*"

Blanco White.

OH may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues,— So to live is heaven:
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order, that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
. . . This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious

For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven; be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony;
Enkindle generous ardor; feed pure love;
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty;
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible,
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

George Eliot.

Absence.

WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours
That must be counted ere I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?

I'll tell thee: for thy sake, I will lay hold
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told
While thou, beloved one, art far from me.

For thee, I will arouse my thoughts to try
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains;
For thy dear sake, I will walk patiently
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes pains.

I will this weary blank of absence make
A noble task-time, and will therein strive
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this darksome time build up in me
A thousand graces which shall thus be thine;
So may my love and longing hallowed be,
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

Frances Anne Kemble.

The Reaper and the Flowers.

THERE is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And, with his sickle keen,
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints, upon their garments white,
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

Longfellow.

Resignation.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel for her children crying,
Will not be comforted!

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad, funereal tapers
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no Death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For, when with raptures wild
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child,

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion
And anguish long suppressed,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean
That cannot be at rest,—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay;
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

Longfellow.

The Eternal Goodness.

WITHIN the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings:
I know that God is good.

I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long;
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

And so, beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

From "Snow-Bound."

THE dear home faces whereupon
The fitful firelight paled and shone,
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn,
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees,
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read,
Their written words we linger o'er,
But in the sun they cast no shade,
No voice is heard, no sign is made,
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet love will dream, and faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just),
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,

Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever Lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own.

Whittier.

Gone.

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
Another call is given;
And glows once more with angel-steps
The path which reaches heaven.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hill
The glory of a setting star,—
Clear, suddenly, and still.

As pure and sweet, her fair brow seemed
Eternal as the sky;
And like the brook's low song, her voice,—
A sound which could not die.

And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a Shining One,
Who walked an angel here.

The blessing of her quiet life
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will
One thought hath reconciled:
That He whose love exceedeth ours
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who, trembling, here
Distrusted all her powers,
May welcome to her holier home
The well-beloved of ours.

John G. Whittier

The Angel of Patience.

To WEARY hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes:
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again;
And yet in tenderest love our dear
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance;
There's rest in his still countenance!
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience, sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will!

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day!
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers, "Be resigned:
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well!"

John G. Whittier

After the Burial.

YES, faith is a goodly anchor:
When skies are sweet as a psalm,
At the bows it lolls so stalwart,
In bluff, broad-shouldered calm.

. . . . . .

But *after* the shipwreck, tell me
What help in its iron thews
Still true to the broken hawser
Deep down among the sea-weed and ooze?

. . . . . .

Then better one spar of memory,
One broken plank of the Past,
That our human heart may cling to,
Though hopeless of shore at last.

To the spirit its splendid conjectures;
To the flesh its sweet despair;
Its tears o'er the time-worn locket
With its anguish of deathless hair!

Immortal? I feel it, I know it:
Who doubts it of such as she?
But that is the pang's very secret,—
Immortal *away from me!*

. . . . . .

Console if you will; I can bear it:
'Tis a well-meant alms of breath;
But not all the preaching since Adam
Hath made Death other than Death.

It is pagan: but wait till you feel it,—
That jar of our earth, that dull shock,
When the ploughshare of deeper passion
Tears down to our primitive rock.

Communion in spirit? Forgive me;
But I, who am earthly and weak,
Would give all my income for dreamland,
For a touch of her hand on my cheek.

That little shoe in the corner,
So worn and wrinkled and brown,
With its emptiness confutes you,
And argues your wisdom down.

Lowell

To a Friend after the Loss of a Child.

AFTER our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay;

And friends came round, with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,—
The story of the Alpine sheep
Was told to us by one we love.

They, in the valley's sheltering care,
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare
The shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mists the sunbeams slide.

But nought can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie,—

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on, o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures, lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed.

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free
O'er frozen brooks, that flow unsheathed
From icy thraldom to the sea.

A blissful-vision, through the night,
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way.

Holding *our* little lamb asleep,
While, like the murmur of the sea,
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying, "Arise, and follow me!"

Maria Lowell.

The Old Man's Funeral.

I SAW an aged man upon his bier;
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year,—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And woman's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

Then rose another hoary man, and said,
In faltering accents to that weeping train:
"Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods let fall the ripened mast.

"Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,—
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,—
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
O'er the warm-colored heaven and ruddy mountain-head.

"Why weep ye then for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers, like twilight hues when the bright sun is set?

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And, watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late declining years away:
Meekly he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

"That life was happy: every day he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries;
No chronic tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and sloth had nourished none for him.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long,
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor can I deem that nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord;
For, when his hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

Bryant.

From "Thanatopsis."

So LIVE, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Bryant.

Blessed are They that Mourn.

OH, deem not they are blest alone
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep!
The Power who pities man hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who, o'er thy friend's low bier,
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere
Will give him to thy arms again.

Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and bleeding heart,
And spurned of men, he goes to die.

For God hath marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

William Cullen Bryant.

Here and There.

HERE is the sorrow, the sighing,
Here are the cloud and the night;
Here is the sickness, the dying,—
There are the life and the light.

Here is the fading, the wasting,
The foe that so watchfully waits;
There are the hills everlasting,
The city with beautiful gates.

Here are the locks growing hoary,
The glass with the vanishing sands;
There are the crown and the glory,
The house that is made not with hands.

Here is the longing, the vision,
The hopes that so swiftly remove;
There is the blessed fruition,
The feast, and the fulness of love.

Here are the heart-strings a-tremble,
And here is the chastening rod;
There is the song and the cymbal,
And there is our Father and God.

Alice Cary

To J. S.

I YIELD thee unto higher spheres,
I bend my head and say, "Thy will
Not mine be done," though bitter tears
The while my eyelids fill.

I know thou hast escaped the blight
That wilts us here, and entered now
To perfect day,—though in the night
Bereft of thee we bow.

And yet thy little sunny life
Was beautiful as it was brief:
It was not vexed by pain or strife,
It knew but little grief.

The sunshine from our house is gone,
And from our hearts their peace and joy:
We feel so terribly alone
Without thee, dearest boy!

Thou mad'st us feel how very fair
God's earth could be, and taught us love
And in life's tapestry of care
A golden figure wove.

Brave as we will our hearts to bear,
Grief will not wholly be denied;
The ineffectual dykes we rear
Go down before its tide.

We lie all prostrate,—cannot feel
God's love,—we only cry aloud,
"O God, O God!" for all things reel,
And God hides in a cloud.

We blindly wail, for we are maimed
Beyond repair, until at last
He lifts us up, all bleeding, lamed,
And shattered by the blast.

He asks, "And would you wish him back,
Whom I have taken to my joy,—
Drag downward to Life's narrow track
Your little spirit boy?"

"No! no!" the spirit makes reply:
"Not back to earthly chance and pain."
"Yet, ah!" the shattered senses cry,
"Would he were here again!"

He was so meshed within our love
That all our heart-strings bleeding lie,
And all fond hopes we round him wove
Are now but agony.

Yet let us suffer: he is freed,
And on our tears a bridge of light
Is built by God, his steps to lead
To joys beyond our sight.

William W. Story.

The Two Mysteries.

middle of the room, in its white coffin, lay the dead child, a nephew of
Near it, in a great chair, sat Walt Whitman, surrounded by little ones,
ng a beautiful little girl in his lap. The child looked curiously at the
of death, and then inquiringly into the old man's face. "You don't
at it is, do you, my dear?" said he. "We don't either."]

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ow not what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
ded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
s that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
ange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.

ow not what it means, dear, this desolate heart-pain,—
ead to take our daily way, and walk in it again.
ow not to what other sphere the loved who leave us go;
y we're left to wonder still; nor why we do not know.

s we know: our loved and dead, if they should come this
,—
come and ask us, "What is life?" not one of us could say.
a mystery as deep as ever death can be;
how sweet it is to us, this life we live and see!

ight they say,— these vanished ones,—and blessed is the
ught!—
th is sweet to us, beloved, though we may tell you naught;

We may not tell it to the quick — this mystery of death,—
Ye may not tell us, if ye would, the mystery of breath."

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.

Mary Mapes Dodge

Auld Lang Syne.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,—
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore,—
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!

More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

J. W. C[illegible]

The Other Side.

CLIMBING the mountain's shaggy crest,
I wondered much what sight would greet
My eager gaze whene'er my feet
Upon the topmost height should rest.

The other side was all unknown;
But as I slowly toiled along,
Sweeter to me than any song
My dream of visions to be shown.

At length the topmost height was gained;
The other side was full in view;
My dreams — not one of them was true,
But better far had I attained.

For far and wide on either hand
There stretched a valley broad and fair,
With greenness flashing everywhere,—
A pleasant, smiling, home-like land.

Who knows, I thought, but so 'twill prove
Upon that mountain-top of death,
Where we shall draw diviner breath,
And see the long-lost friends we love.

It may not be as we have dreamed,
Not half so awful, strange, and grand;
A quiet, peaceful, home-like land,
Better than e'er in vision gleamed.

J. W. Chadwick.

The Good Old Grandmother.

O, SOFTLY waves the silver hair
From off that aged brow!
That crown of glory, worn so long,
A fitting crown is now.

Fold reverently the weary hands
That toiled so long and well;
And, while your tears of sorrow fall,
Let sweet thanksgivings swell.

That life-work, stretching o'er long years,
A varied web has been;
With silver strands by sorrow wrought,
And sunny gleams between.

These silver hairs stole slowly on,
Like flakes of falling snow,
That wrap the green earth lovingly
When autumn breezes blow.

Each silver hair, each wrinkle there,
Records some good deed done;
Some flower she cast along the way,
Some spark from love's bright sun.

How bright she always made her home!
It seemed as if the floor
Was always flecked with spots of sun,
And barred with brightness o'er.

The very falling of her step
Made music as she went;
A loving song was on her lip,
The song of full content.

And now, in later years, her word
Has been a blessed thing
In many a home, where glad she saw
Her children's children spring.

Her widowed life has happy been
With brightness born of heaven;
So pearl and gold in drapery fold
The sunset couch at even.

O, gently fold the weary hands
That toiled so long and well;
The spirit rose to angel bands,
When off earth's mantle fell.

She's safe within her Father's house,
Where many mansions be;
O, pray that thus such rest may come,
Dear heart, to thee and me!

Lifted Over.

As TENDER mothers, guiding baby steps,
When places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm,
So did our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the storms by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on:
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
So reached from heaven and lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, he put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?

H. H.

Hope for the Sorrowing.

YE holy ministers of love,
Blest dwellers in the upper spheres,
In vain we fix our gaze above,
For we are blinded by our tears.
Oh! tell us to what land unknown
The soul of him we love has flown?

He left us when his manly heart
With earnest hope was beating high:
Too soon it seemed for us to part;
Too soon, alas, for him to die!
We have the tenement of clay,
But aye the soul has passed away!

Away, into the unknown dark,
With fearless heart and steady hand,
He calmly launched his fragile bark,
To seek the spirit's fatherland.
Say, has he reached some distant shore,
To speak with us on earth no more?

Hark! for a voice of gentle tone
The answer to our cry hath given,
Soft as Æolian harp-strings blown,
Responsive to the breath of even,—
"I have not sought a distant shore:
Lo! I am with you,—weep no more!

"Aye! Love is stronger far than Death,
And wins the victory o'er the grave:
Dependent on no mortal breath,
Its mission is to guide and save.
Above the wrecks of Death and Time,
It triumphs, changeless and sublime.

"Still shall my love its vigils keep,
True as the needle to the pole;
For Death is not a dreamless sleep,
Nor is the grave man's final goal.
The larger growth, the life divine,—
All that I hoped or wished are mine."

Blest spirit, we will weep no more,
But lay our selfishness to rest:
The Providence which we adore
Has ordered all things for the best.
Life's battle fought, the victory won,
To nobler toils pass on, pass on!

Lizzie

"Gone is Gone, and Dead is Dead."

"GONE is gone, and dead is dead!"
Words to hopeless sorrow wed,—
Words from deepest anguish wrung,
Which a lonely wanderer sung,
While her harp prolonged the strain,
Like a spirit's cry of pain
When all hope with life is fled:
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Mournful singer! hearts unknown
Thrill responsive to that tone;
By a common weal and woe,
Kindred sorrows all must know.

Lips all tremulous with pain
Oft repeat that sad refrain,
When the fatal shaft is sped:
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Pain and death are everywhere,—
In the earth and sea and air;
And the sunshine's golden glance,
And the heaven's serene expanse,
With a silence calm and high
Seem to mock that mournful cry,
Wrung from hearts by hope unfed:
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

O ye sorrowing ones, arise;
Wipe the tear-drops from your eyes;
Lift your faces to the light;
Read Death's mystery aright.
Life unfolds from life within,
And with death does life begin.
Of the soul can ne'er be said,
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

As the stars which, one by one,
Lit their torches at the sun,
And across ethereal space
Swept each to its destined place,
So the soul's Promethean fire,
Kindled never to expire,
On its course immortal sped,
Is not gone, and is not dead.

By a Power to thought unknown,
Love shall ever seek its own.
Sundered not by time or space,
With no distant dwelling-place,
Soul shall answer unto soul,
As the needle to the pole,
Leaving grief's lament unsaid,
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead."

Evermore Love's quickening breath
Calls the living soul from death;

And the resurrection's power
Comes to every dying hour.
When the soul, with vision clear,
Learns that heaven is always near,
Never more shall it be said,
"Gone is gone, and dead is dead.

Lizzie D

My Dead.

I CANNOT think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of Life I tread,
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim;
All souls are His, and, here or there,
Are living unto Him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place,
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

F. L. Hos

Sometime.

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
And Sun and Stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned
The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night
As Stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see, how, while we frown and sigh,
God's plans go on as best for you and me;
How when we called, He heeded not our cry
Because his wisdom to the end could see,
And e'en as prudent parents disallow
Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
Life's sweetest things because it seemeth good.

And if sometime, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low
Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
Oh! do not blame the loving Father so,
But bear your sorrow with obedient grace;

And you shall shortly know, that lengthened breath
Is not the sweetest gift God sends His friend,
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
Conceals the fairest boon His love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life
And stand within, and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
And for each mystery could find a key.

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart;
God's plans, like lilies pure and white, unfold;
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
Time will reveal the chalices of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly know and understand,
I think that we shall say that "God knew best."

Mrs. May Riley Smith.

Not Death.

Not death, but life. Thank God that she has risen,
That He has sent her peace,
That from the pain and shadow of its prison
Her soul has found release.

We may not know the glory and the gladness
That on the spirit shine,
That bore on earth its agony and sadness
With patience so divine.

We only know her weariness is ended,
That she from pain is free,
That her pure soul has to its God ascended,
In joy and liberty.

'Tis ours to prize the nature we inherit,
Which she has glorified.
Nor doubt the power of the immortal spirit
Since she has lived and died.

O silent lips! the lessons you have taught us
We tell with falling tears:
O noble life! what blessing thou hast brought us
Through all thy weary years!

As all unconscious of thy wondrous beauty,
Thou passest into light,
May thy sweet patience fill our hearts, and duty
Grow holy in our sight.

L. M. C.

SUNRISE!—her feet have touched the hills of God;
Heaven's morning air blows sweet upon her brow;
She sees the King in all his beauty now,
And walks his courts with full salvation shod.

"Looking to'ard Sunset," even here she caught
Prophetic hints of those far, shining lands
That lie beyond,—like one who understands
The sign, ere yet the miracle is wrought.

And so she went: ah, we who stay below,
Watching the radiance of her upward flight,
Who, who of us shall reach such lofty height,
Or leave behind so fair an after-glow?

Caroline A.

Release.

As ONE who leaves a prison cell,
And looks, with glad though dazzled eye,
Once more on wood and field and sky,
And feels again the quickening spell

Of Nature thrill through every vein,
I leave my former self behind,
And, free once more in heart and mind,
Shake off the old, corroding chain.

Free from my past — a jailer dread —
And with the Present clasping hands,
Beneath fair skies, through sunny lands,
Which memory's ghosts ne'er haunt, I tread.

The pains and griefs of other days
May, shadow-like, pursue me yet;
But toward the sun my face is set,
His golden light on all my ways.

S. S. Conant.

The Dead.

THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and bygone hours;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours,—

Ours by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

Dying.

PASSING out of the shadow
Into a purer light;
Stepping behind the curtain,
Getting a clearer sight;

Laying aside a burden,
This weary mortal coil;
Done with the world's vexations,
Done with its tears and toil;

Tired of all earth's playthings,
Heartsick, and ready to sleep,
Ready to bid our friends farewell,
Wondering why they weep;

Passing out of the shadow
Into eternal day,—
Why do we call it dying?
This sweet going away.

Peace.

"PEACE!
He hath given sweet release;
Neither toil nor care nor pain
Ever shall be hers again.
Where a song of rapture thrills
O'er the everlasting hills,
He hath bade all sorrow cease
In the blessing of His peace."

"Rest!
Precious promise, oh, how blest!
Did she hear His cheering word?
'Cast thy burden on the Lord.'
All who suffer, all who bear
Burdens sore of sin or care,
All ye weary and oppressed,
'Come and I will give you rest.'

"Sleep!
As a weary child might creep
In some dim, cool nook, away
From his comrades' noisy play,
So she, weary of earth's din,
Touched the gate and entered in
Where, by waters cool and deep,
'He giveth His belovèd sleep.'"

Julia Mills Dunn.

Wait.

My friend in the spirit land,
With whom I, hand in hand,
Have walked so oft on earth,
And till thy great new birth;
With whom, as we sat or walked,
Of deepest things I talked,
And of the mysteries vast
That we should know at last,—
Awful and vaguely told,
We should one day behold,—
Thou hast beheld them now,
Their light is on thy brow;
No longer a veil between
Thine eyes and the once unseen;
No longer from thee concealed,
The awful and unrevealed.
In the shadow still I stand,
But thou in the sunlit land.
Oh, tell to my longing ear
Of thy life in that new sphere.
Oh, tell to my longing heart
Where, near or far, thou art.
What are seeing those eyes of thine
That so lately looked in mine?
What is hearing thy ravished ear
That so lately listened here?
O, lips that so lovingly spake,
Can ye not the silence break?
Cannot the immortal breath
Whisper the secret of death?
Thou knowest my hunger and thirst,
How I could almost burst

Into that unknown land,
Nor wait the Lord's command.
Thou knowest how here our breath
Seems but a lingering death,
And how my sad heart ponders
Ever upon those wonders,—
Ever on the end of earth
And the wondrous spirit birth.

Oh, wondrous birth and life!
Calmness succeeding strife;
Joy in the place of sorrow
And forebodings of the morrow.
There, the Eternal Presence,
Here, constant evanescence;
There, rest in full assurance,
Here, pain and mere endurance;
There, the exultant shouting,
Here, the fearing and the doubting;
There, sure and blest abodes,
Here, wandering on rough roads;
There, mighty organ swells,
Here, constant tolling bells.
Oh, rest of that land of bliss!
Oh, weariness of this!

And canst thou not, my friend,
Some of thy new light lend
To one who loves thee so,
Yet waits and longs below?
Canst thou not feed his yearning
With something thou art learning,—
Some hint of the life divine,
Some unmistaken sign?

I watch with my every sense,
I listen with soul intense;
But not a whisper comes,
And a chill my soul benumbs.

But out of the sky at last,
A word on the void is cast,—
On the void a single word,
But it comes as that of the Lord.
As I hearken, my breath I bate;
But that word is only — "Wait."

Good Bye.

O BLESSED life of service and of love,
Full of such duties as God's angels know!
His servants serve Him day and night above,
Thou servedst day and night, we thought, below.

O faithful heart, that recked not care or pain
When Duty called thee, or when Love did lead,
Thou gavest freely, asking not again,
The word of comfort or the costly deed.

O gentle hands, so busy evermore
With healing touch or helpful tenderness!
'Twas yours to lift the burdens others bore,—
Your sole reward the joy of usefulness.

O tireless feet, still walking till the last
Your patient round, as noiseless as the sun!
Your toilsome journey now is overpast,
Your years of pilgrimage at length are done.

We know not how to say the word "Good bye."
We know not how to leave thee at the gate
That opens for thee toward that city high
Where other hands with loving welcome wait.

We long shall miss thee as we go our ways.
The home will miss thee from its broken band.
Full many a tear will tell thy sober praise,
And all good works will miss thy helping hand.

And yet, Good bye! good bye! thou faithful soul!
From toil and trouble thou hast earned release.
Thy weary feet are resting at the goal,
The pain of living ended in God's peace.

Child with the Snowy Cheek.

CHILD with the snowy cheek,
Child with the stainless brow,
Thy white-robed form and look so meek
Are as an angel's now.

Death's mystery hath cast
Its strangeness o'er thy face,
But the angel marred not as he passed
One line of its tender grace.

He but folded the waxen hands,
Sent sleep on the gladsome eyes,
And wrapped thee round with the viewless ba
Of death's great, still surprise.

Now into the upper life,
Into realms of infinite peace,
Thou hast entered at once, untouched by the st
That comes with our life's increase.

Into the infinite love,
Into the cloudless light,
Into the welcome that waited above,—
Below thee, the storm and night.

Saved from the toilsome way
We travel with weary feet,
From the bitterness hid in the cup alway,
Whose first taste is so sweet.

The base and the unkind,
The cruel and the untrue,
Soiling and stain of the deathless mind,
Fair child, are not for you.

For you there is gladness and rest
Where the white-robed singers stand,
Where pain is forgotten and sorrow is blest,
In the soul's own fatherland;

Where the little ones of earth,
In gardens and meadows broad,
Wandering and playing, make musical mirth
By the soft-flowing river of God.

But we! In a world of pain,
We linger and weep and wait;
And we strive in vain any glimpse to gain
Of thee and the Beautiful Gate.

For the gate that is gold to thee,
Golden and jewelled and bright,
Is wrapped in a gloom on the side we see,—
Its sentinels, Fear and Night.

But the gate of gloom and of gold
Will open to us some day,
On hinges of silence backward rolled;
And Fear will vanish away.

And Night into Morning will change,
As the light of the Land comes out,
And a rapture, sudden and sweet and strange,
Succeed to our trouble and doubt.

Oh, blessed and strong and sweet
The hope of that coming time,
When thy welcoming hands our hands shall meet
In the gate of the Life Sublime;

In the gate of the City of God;
In the gate of the Infinite Peace;
In the sweet dawn-light that shall shine abroad
O'er the fields of our love's increase.

W. H. Savage.

The Home-Seeker.

I.

TWILIGHT falls: a tiny maiden
Cometh up the village street;
Vagrant locks, all dewy-laden,
Eager eyes and tired feet
Hath the shadowy little maiden.

Tired of wandering and of playing,
Up the dim street see her come:
Hurrying now, and now delaying,
Toward the rest and love of home,
Comes the maiden from her playing.

II.

See! again! a woman hasting
Down a shadowy, sunset way,
Loving, anxious glances casting
Through the twilight soft and gray;
Homeward, loveward she is hasting.

Laughing children run to meet her
From the home-door opened wide;
Loving words and kisses greet her,
Pattering feet run by her side;
All the home comes forth to meet her.

III.

Look once more! a pilgrim weary
Standeth in the twilight gray;
All around is strange and dreary,
And she asks, with plaintive query,
"Can you show the homeward way?
Lead me homeward: I am weary."

Then a Presence stood to guide her,
Pointed where the way did lie;
Gently spoke and walked beside her
To a gateway dim and high.
"Home," she breathed, with restful sigh,
To the Presence that did guide her.

IV.

Homeward still, the tiny maiden,
Motherhood, love and care laden,
Age, with weight of years oppressed,
Homeward turn for love and rest.
And the home, with open door,
Waits with "Welcome" evermore.

W. H. Sa

The Sunset Way.

THE sun that sinks when Eventide
Sits veiled, with dewy eyes,
Beside the gateway of the West,
On other lands doth rise.

The life that sinks, when failing breath
Is hushed to stillness at the last,
Veiled in the mystery of death,
Is as a star when clouds sweep past.

Night's gateway is the gate of Dawn,
Death's gate the gate of Birth;
The sun that set is shining on;
The soul now lost to earth,

Emerging from the brief eclipse
By evening shadows cast,
Smiles, star-like, in that other morn
Where pain and death are past.

And, spreading fair and sweet before,
Are fields of rest and peace,
Where joy doth sing for evermore,
And love doth still increase.

O friends, who take the sunset way
And fear the coming night,
Each sunset is a birth of day,
Your steps approach the light.

Love cannot die: eternity
Shall keep your sacred trust, be sure;
"For God is love," and heaven must be
A home where love may dwell secure.

Look onward! High above the tomb
The omens of the morning shine!
The evening has its transient gloom,
The morrow comes with beams divine.

W. H. Savage.

The Finished Life.

THERE's a beauty of the spring-time
With its fresh grass and its flowers,
With the song-birds in the branches
And the children's happy hours.

But there is no less of beauty
When the leaves turn gold and brown
In the short'ning days of autumn,
And far south the birds have flown.

If the rough hand of the tempest
  Tears away the fresh young leaves
Over youthful vigor wasted,
  Who can wonder if one grieves?

But when off the autumn branches
  Drop the brown leaves one by one,
Seems it then as fair and fitting
  As the setting of the sun.

Here the old man by the fireside
  Backward looks through tender tears,
And he says, "With wife and children
  Trod I long and happy years."

As he sitteth by the window,
  Looking o'er the city ways,
Whispers he, "Success and honor
  Have been mine in gone by days.

"I have seen the world's fair beauty;
  I have tasted all its sweet;
Now, beyond my two and threescore,
  Life for me is all complete.

"For the face of her who loved me
  Beckons to me far away:
I have wrought the work God gave me,
  Then why should I longer stay?"

And O friends, who'd dare to keep him?
  Let us sound no fun'r'al knell;
But say of his life, "'*Twas blessed!*"
  And say of his death, "'*Tis well!*"

M.

"Better Off."

"He's better off." With words like these
  Kind friends their comfort try to speak.
None doubts it of a man like him;
  Yet far off sound the words, and weak.

The heart that loves is not content,
  How well soe'er the loved one be,
To have him happy far away,
  But cries, "I want him still *with me!*"

That other country may be fair,
Brighter than aught the earth has shown,
But better any place with him
Than to be left here all alone.

Thus pleads the heart that God has made,—
He cannot blame what he has given,—
For heaven without love could not be,
And, having love, the earth is heaven.

The folded hands, the closing eyes,
The yielding up of failing breath,—
These not the worst: to tear apart
Two hearts that truly love *is death.*

Since love is all the joy of life,
In earth below or heaven above,
Somewhere, we cannot help but trust,
God keeps for us the ones we love.

Like ships the storms drive far apart
Wide o'er the sea 'neath cloud and sun.
We still sail for the self-same port,
And meet there when the voyage is done.

And as we tell the story o'er,
How we were driven by the blast,
More sweet will be those sunny hours
By contrast with the sorrows past.

M. J. S.

Death's Lesson.

FROM these closed eyes, and these white lips
Where loving smiles no longer play,
What to the ear that silence hears,
Does Death to us, the living, say?

"Sweet friends, the words of love you wish
You'd said to me while I could hear
Take heed, in days to come, you speak
To living ones who still are near.

'No more for me can you do aught,
Save make the flowers bloom where I sleep:
But hearts of living ones still ache,
And eyes of living ones still weep.

"Pour out on them the love and care
You wish you could on me bestow:
Then, when some other falls asleep,
O'er vain regrets no tears shall flow."

Death, then, would teach us how to live,—
How we shall die need give no care,—
Live as we'll wish we had; and then
Death's face becomes divinely fair.

M. J.

A. R. C.

When falls the night upon the earth,
And all in shadow lies,
The sun's not dead: his radiance still
Beams bright on other skies.

And when the dawn star groweth dim
Upon the brow of morn,
It still shines on, though earthly eyes,
That miss it, grow forlorn.

Some other world is glad to see
Our star that's gone away:
The light whose going makes our night
Makes somewhere else a day.

The feet that cease there walking here,
Tired of the way they've trod,
With strength renewed go travelling
The pathway up to God.

The hand whose patient fingers now
Have laid earth's labor by,
With loving skill has taken up
Some higher ministry.

The eyes that give no longer back
  The tender look of love,
Now, with a deathless gleam, drink in
  God's beauteous world above.

The lips whose sweet tones made us ask
  If angels sweeter sung,
Though silent here, make heaven glad
  With their melodious tongue.

And, though her body lies asleep,
  Our favorite is not dead:
She rises through dark death's bright birth,
  "With joy upon her head."

And she is just our loved one still,
  And loves us now no less:
She goes away to come again,—
  To watch us, and to bless.

And though we cannot clasp her hand,
  Nor look upon her face,
Nor listen to her voice again,
  Nor watch her ways of grace,—

Still we can keep her memory bright,
  And walk the way she trod,
And trust she waits until we come
  Up to the house of God.

Let us be thankful, through our tears,
  That she was ours so long,
And try to hush our tones of grief
  And listen to her song.

M. J. S.

He Giveth His Beloved Sleep.

He resteth now. No more his breast
  Heaves with its weary breath:
Pain now no more contracts the brow
  Where broods the calm of death.
Sunk to his rest, like tired child,
  He lies in slumber deep,
Soft folded in the arms of Him
  Who "giveth his beloved sleep."

Nay, doth he rest? No: day nor night
He resteth not from praise.
His spirit, winged with rapture, knows
No more earth's weary ways;
But ever towards the Infinite
His flight on, upward, doth he keep;
For he gives active tirelessness,
Who "giveth his belovéd sleep."

And while we grope our doubtful way,
Tear-blinded in the night,
He reads the meaning of our grief
Clear writ in heavenly light.
And looking o'er the path he trod,
Weary, oft-times, and rough and steep,
He knows 'twas goodness led him on,
And gave to "his belovéd sleep."

We, heart-sore pilgrims, follow him:
It is not for his fate we moan,
But that we "see his face no more,"
And now must travel on alone.
He, standing on the hills of God,
Doth beckon to us while we weep.
The night is short, the morning's dawn
Shall greet us rising from our sleep.

G. M.

Oh, what is all that can be done,
And what is all that can be said?
When all is passed, the fact remains
That he, my noble one, is dead.

Friends gather round and speak to me,
But can they make *him* speak once mor
I see them coming, but I hear
Not his loved footfall on the floor.

They clasp my hand in sympathy;
But, oh! his hand is still and cold:
They look upon me, but his eyes
Will look no more the love of old.

O friends, your sympathy is dear,
  But who can give him back to me?
Empty and poor is all the world,
  Since I his face no more can see.

I do not mourn a common loss.
  O merchants, have you known of one,
A truer, cleaner-handed man
  Than he whose earthly work is done?

Tell me, O friends, if anywhere,
  In all your circles, far or near,
You've found a firmer, truer friend
  Than this fast friend that sleepeth here!

O mothers, who with love and pride,
  In all the years since time begun,
Have trained your children, tell me where
  You've found a truer, tenderer son!

O husbands, wives, in all the earth,
  Was any less disposed to roam?
One who was purer in his love,
  Or more devoted to his home?

O country, in your hour of need,
  When swords were crossed in bitter strife,
What nobler patriot did you find,
  Or truer to your perilled life?

If "trees are by their fruitage known,"
  O God, who seest the "inner part,"
Then search him through, and thou shalt find
  That he was sound and true at heart.

But what can this avail me now?
  Because in him there was no dross,
Because my memories are so fair,
  Therefore is mine the greater loss.

But — God forgive me! — though I bear
  A pain that words can never tell,
Yet somehow I must still believe
  That what so crushes me is well.

The memory of his noble life
Shall still inspire me; and some day
The clouds may lift, and light once more
Shine round about my darkened way.

I know he'd have me hopeful still;
Let me look up, then, through my tears.
He'll not return; but I shall hope
To find him in the happier years.

M. J. S.

F. F. T.

I LOVED him, friends; and in the mourner's place
Would I sit silent with my tears to-day.
But now his lips are still, and I must speak;
But what words can our thoughts of him portray?

A true and sincere man! With open mind
And heart all crystal-clear, he faced the light.
For though it pained him, still with steadfast gaze,
As on the sun, he dared look on the right.

No ear he stopped, although the voice divine
Bade him walk onward in an untried way:
Such faith in God was his, he could not doubt
The star of truth must lead toward the day.

Stern was he in the battle for the right,
With foot that faltered not, though hard the path.
The fire of love for man that warmed his soul
Against all wrong could flame with virtuous wrath.

Yet gentle was he as a little child;
And, in his tender, sympathetic heart,
Weakness and sorrow found a hiding-place:
No pang of others, but he felt the smart.

He loved his home. As needle to the pole
Turns ever true on whate'er seas men roam,
So to his fireside turned his constant heart:
No spot to him so blessed as his home.

Yet from this home, as from a central sun,
His love for man o'er all the earth outshone:
No earnest cause appealed to him in vain,
That hoped to lead the old earth up and on.

A noble man lies here asleep to-day.
After long weeks of weariness and pain,
Death drew her restful curtains round his bed;
And, though we call, he will not wake again.

Nor would we wish to wake him if we might;
For he has seen the Unseen face to face.
His work on earth is finished. Who would dare
To call him down again from his high place?

And yet, O friends! it is such men as he
That make the earth seem empty when they leave.
That he was noble is our comfort now,
And yet 'tis for this very cause we grieve.

To you, whose broken home will seem so still,
So vacant now that he has gone away,
I fain would speak some word of hope and cheer
And yet what is it any one can say?

None doubts 'tis well with him. But you will long
To clasp his hand, to see his face once more.
At morn, you'll listen for his cheery voice;
At night, to hear his foot-fall on the floor.

The sting of death remains when all is said;
For it is this,— that those we hold so dear
No longer walk the ways of life *with us*.
We want them happy, but we want them *here*.

When all is said and done, we come to this:
Though clouds be round us and tears dim our way,
We still trust that He who makes the night
Will lead us through it to the coming day.

We'll hide his loving memory in our hearts;
We'll follow in the pathway that he trod:
We'll make each day another step upon
The stairway leading up to *him* and God.

M. J. S.

The Heart's Spring-Time.

THE earth lay shrouded white in snow;
With low, sad voice, the winds wailed by;
While, as in hopeless prayer, the trees
Their gaunt arms lifted to the sky.

All nature was in chains: the brooks
Crept ice-bound on their sluggish way;
The sun shone feebly, and the night
Soon blotted out the cheerless day.

Then from the south the glad spring came,
And breathed through all the chilly air,
And wheresoe'er her warm feet trod
Sprang life and beauty everywhere.

The fields and meadows all put on
Their spangled dress of grass and flowers,
Brooks babbled, and ecstatic birds
Made shake with joy their leafy towers.

Such is the spring-time of the year!
But tell me, then, Has *man* no part
In life's long triumph over death?
Is there no spring-time of the heart?

Our loved ones, shrouded white, have lain
Beneath the snow these many years:
The sad-voiced winds above them go,
And on their graves drip rainy tears.

Their shadowy memories visit us,—
For dreams at least can leave that shore,—
Mother's gray hairs and gentle eyes,
As light she steps across the floor;

Or comes the brother of our youth,
Making the far-off years draw nigh;
The wife, long lost, our fadeless dream,
The same old love-look in her eye;

The laughing child, whose sunny hair
  Was so entangled in our heart
It bleeds afresh when we recall
  The hour that tore our lives apart.

'Tis winter in our lives! Snows fall,
  Chill, dreary skies are overhead,
The fresh leaves of our youth are gone,
  The flowers of our hope are dead.

Is there no spring-time of the heart?
  Will our lives bud again no more?
Will they no more return,— the birds
  Whose music made us glad before?

Nay, listen! In my heart, I hear
  The whisper of another spring:
The winds blow warm from sunny lands,
  Leaves burst and buds are blossoming.

I catch the fragrance of that clime
  Where summer blooms the whole round year,
Where every sound melts into song
  And comes as music to my ear.

The lost ones hidden by the snow,
  With faces white and still and cold,
Beneath those soft skies wake again
  To live and love us as of old.

Mother and brother, wife and child,—
  They keep the same remembered faces:
Only tear-stains and lines of care
  With deathless youth can find no places.

And, best of all, it looks like home,
  No strange land trod by alien feet;
Familiar as our childhood haunts,
  Clothed all in mellow sunlight sweet.

The heart's long prayer is answered thus:
  The dead through no far countries roam;
As babes born into waiting arms,
  They die into some higher home.

And 'neath the sunshine of this hope
My life, where joy had ceased to sing,
Where dead flowers mocked the withered leaves,
Now buds and blossoms like the spring.

M. J. S

The Dead One's Message.

COULD now the silence of these lips
Wake into speech once more to-day
With their sweet tones of old-time love,
What last words, think you, would they say?

"Weep for me tenderly; for I,
Were you here lying in my place,
Would press my warm lips on your brow,
And rain the hot tears on your face.

"For is it not death's sting to know
That, howe'er happy, still apart
Our pathways lead us, while the old,
Strong love still yearns within the heart?

"And, when this body's laid away,
I'd have you my low earth-bed make
All fresh with grass, and sweet with flowers,
And sacred for the old-time's sake.

"But then, sweet friends, look up and on!
Let sunshine all the clouds break through;
And do not, for my sake, forget
What *for the living* you should do!

"Let not the shadow of my loss
Darken the path the living tread;
But let the memories of my past
Still cheer and help, though I am dead.

"These ears can hear your words no more,
However fondly you may speak:
For my sake then, with words of love,
The living cheer, and help the weak.

"My heart, now still, no longer aches:
But weary thousands watch and wake
Through dreary nights and hopeless days;
Help them before their sad hearts break!

"Your willing hands for me have wrought;
But now I need your help no more.
The service you would render me
Give those who suffer at your door.

"Cherish my memory in your heart!
But, lest it grow a selfish thing,
Make channels for a thousand streams,
Of which my love shall be the spring.

"So from the grave I still may speak;
Still help the sorrowing world to bless;
Still live, though dead, and swell the tide
Of human love and happiness."

M. J. S.

Which is Better?

FROM out of the mystery cometh to earth
A new child of God through the gateway of birth.

Out into the mystery there beyond breath
Goes a new child of God through the gateway of death.

We smile at the birth, at the death toll the bell;
Yet which is the better, who is there can tell?

How oft is the birth to a life full of tears,—
To a path that is rough and o'erclouded by fears!

How often, heart-hungry for love unreturned,
We see the bliss vanish for which we have yearned!

How often the structures we reared with delight,
Our houses of joy, crumble down in a night!

A live sorrow often is harder, we say,
Than the parting from those who are taken away;

And we sigh for the peace of an undisturbed sleep
Where hearts are not broken, and eyes do not weep.

Our birth is a coming — so wise men have said —
From some other land, where they count us as dead.

For, if it be true we existed before,
To the old home we died, as we came to this shore.

Did they mourn our departure there, as we to-day
Lament for our dear ones when they go away?

Who knows, then, that what we call death may not be
But another new birth, through whose gateway we

Take one more step onward, as ever we climb
The ladder of life, reaching up through all time?

Birth and death may be one, then: the different view,
Or coming or going, makes us think them two.

And, since life reaches upward and on through all time,
Each death may be birth into some fairer clime.

Since in birth and death both there are mysteries deep,
And whether they're waking or going to sleep

We know not; and whether 'tis better to stay,
Or whether 'tis best to be going away,—

Let us trust and be patient; for sure He must know,
From whose Life we come, to whose Life we go.

Birth! death! — which is better we now cannot tell.
Believe, then, that *both* in His hands are well.

M. J. S.

The Loss of a Child.

A LESSON OF TRUST.

A BUD of life just opening
Its petals fresh and fair,
But now frost-nipped and withered
In spite of all my care!

Both day and night I watched it,
'Twas never out of sight:
Glad tears I gave for dew-drops,
And love for sunshine bright.

And yet it needs must wither?
O Father, tell me why,
Of all in earth's wide garden,
My tiny flower must die!

A thousand happy mothers
Their little ones still hold,
While I for mine must hunger
With yearnings all untold.

In other homes, child voices
Laugh out their happy glee;
But all their winsome prattle
Seems mockery now to me!

For my child's voice is silent;
And no one tells me why,
Of all glad mother's children,
My precious child must die!

Then came from out the silence —
As though some heart above
Was melted into pity —
These tender words of love:

"O mother, in your sorrow,
O father, in your grief,
Can you not trust a little,
And, trusting, find relief?

"I lead you in the darkness
A way you may not tell;
And, if I would, I cannot
The mystery dispel.

"Can you, with all your trying,
To childish thought make plain
The wisdom of your training,
The school-day toil and pain?

"However plain the language,
It falls on childish ears:
They cannot spell its meaning
With eyes all dim with tears.

"The boy cannot know manhood:
The coming years must teach
How childhood's trust and trouble
Toward grander issues reach.

"Till you can read the future,
How can you know to-day?
'Tis ever by the ending
That you must judge the way.

"To your own little children,
Who, fearful, clasp your hand,
You say, 'Fear not, but trust me:
Some day, you'll understand.'

"Learn thus your own good lesson:
Be patient; and one day,
From some height looking backward,
You'll see your earthly way;

"And then your grown-up childhood
You'll know as school-day hours,
And all your tears as dew-drops
That helped life's opening flowers.

"Trust, then, while through the darkness
I lead you by the hand.
The end that's now beyond you
Some day you'll understand."

The Dead Home.

THE heart of home is still;
The house stands on the street,
Nor tells the passers by
Its heart has ceased to beat.

And yet within how changed!
The rooms look as of old:
Across the carpets fair,
The sunlight pours its gold.

The tables and the books,
The stairways and the hall,
Seem as before: still hang
The pictures on the wall.

The little ones, too young
To know what it may mean,
Their wondering questions ask,
With tears and smiles between.

The body of the home
Stands still upon the street;
But yet how changed within,—
Its heart has ceased to beat!

The mother was the heart,—
The mother and the wife:
Her smile was all its light:
Her movement all its life.

Now that she smiles no more,
And does not lift her head,
The *house* may still remain,
But, oh, the *home* is dead!

The lonely husband broods
Upon the years gone by,—
The kindness on her lips,
The love-light in her eye.

And then he looks before,
And shrinks to meet the days,
When, sitting all alone,
He'll miss her quiet ways.

His heart is sore to think
That time may e'en erase
From her own children's hearts
The memory of her face.

For now their wondering looks
Beseech the reason deep
Why mother lies so still,
And why the others weep.

Oh, house upon the street,
What comfort can be said
To him who weeps within?
The heart of home is dead!

But this: You must be brave
The little ones to bless
With all your manhood's strength
And all her tenderness.

'Tis double duty now:
If she could speak, she'd say,
"Let not the ones we loved —
Now I have gone away —

"Be poor in love or care;
Be mother in my place;
And let them not forget
Their absent mother's face.

"Some day, who knows, perchance
Where friends can ne'er forget,
They'll clasp me in their arms,
And call me mother yet."

From Life to Life.

FROM life to life he passed: no death is here;
This is a step of progress, not the end.
I hear him saying, with a voice of cheer,
'Tis of life's nature ever to ascend!

From love to love he passed; sweet love he kn
And breathed it here as freely as the air;
But love still dearer, love long-tried and true
He knew was waiting for him over there!

From song to song he passed; above earth's st
He heard the music that is prophecy:
This music wrought he into heart and life,
And caught the key of heaven's own harr

From good to good he passed; his gentle heart
  Found good in others, passed the evil by:
So of the good he grew to be a part,
  And 'mid the good his pathway still must lie.

'Tis passing, then, not dying, we behold;
  And who would shun a destiny like this,—
T' escape the feebleness of growing old,
  And find ourselves forever young in bliss?

O 'twere not kindness here to bid him wait!
  Were I as he was, I would even pray,
"Keep me not knocking here outside the gate,
  But let me pass and find the upward way!"

Death sometimes comes in questionable guise,
  And blinds us in a mystery of grief:
But this is beautiful as sunset skies,
  Or glory of October's reddening leaf!

Life's lessons he had learned: had drained the cup
  Of earth's experiences of smiles and tears;
It was his time then gladly to take up
  The higher labors of his grander years.

How shall we praise him,—we who loved him so?
  For praise but makes the loss seem greater yet,
But lighter worth would heavier make the blow;
  We will rejoice we've so much to regret!

One thing o'ershadows all things else to-day,
  O'ershadows with a cloud that is all bright,
A cloud shot through with every brilliant ray
  That can assure us of unclouded light.

His was a lover-heart; and in his youth
  He met a lover-heart that matched his own,
And year by year they walked in changeless truth
  Till suddenly he found himself alone!

And *since* that day, now fifteen years ago,
  He has but waited; manly among men,
And yet but half himself alone, till, lo!
  At last he clasps her and is whole again!

Indeed, through his long illness, in the gloom
That shadowed other eyes, a presence fair
He sometimes seemed to see within the room,
Or catch her whisper on the silent air.

And who can doubt that on the other side,
Not far away, she waited, as of old
When first he came and claimed her for his bride?
So once again clasped hands each other hold!

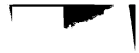
There let us leave them with the first fresh kiss
Still on the lips that speak of pain no more;
Young love is sweet, but they have found a bliss
They had not dreamed of in the days of yore!

And though oft-times the tide of sorrow rush
Across our hearts, at thought of our great loss,
Yet, for their sakes, our own grief we will hush
And for their crown will patient bear our cross.

So, father, mother, though unseen the chain
That binds us to thee, it will never break;
We'll follow thee; nor shall it be in vain;
Thou'lt hear our call, "Wait, till we overtake!"

Meantime we'll pitch our lives unto the key
Of that thou'rt living: so one music sweet
We'll make until our earthly harmony
Shall blend with thine and make one song comple

M.



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